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### A FARCE ON TWO STAGES.

THE various proceedings of last Monday in reference to Irish matters would supply as good a text as can reasonably be expected to be supplied by the proceedings of any one day for the consideration of the intelligent foreigner or the intelligent anybody else. In the morning one of the farces which long-suffering London permits from time to time to interrupt its business and its more rational pleasures was got up by the usual persons in the usual way. The meeting having been permitted, wisely or unwisely—we think on the whole wisely—by the authorities, and there being no danger of broken heads or "six weeks," Professor STUART was fortunately not prevented by any of the accidents which kept him out of Trafalgar Square from giving the assembly the benefit of his presence. With him were some dozen more or less obscure Radical members of Parliament, and Mr. TIMS and Mr. PERCY BUNTING and Mr. AENEAS SMITH and other famous men. The imprisoned Irish members were represented by Mr. SULLIVAN, an amiable person, who appears to have suffered nothing from his imprisonment except a bad attack of versification. The attendance consisted of the usual thousands—more or fewer—of loafers and roughs. The utterances were as usual; the decorations—crownless harps, and so forth—were as usual; the enthusiastic reports in the present tense were as usual; and the meeting, as most usual of all, dispersed, after the pleasure of marching, to the business of picking pockets. They had been prisoners themselves, and they could enter into Mr. SULLIVAN's feelings; but they remembered that, as one of their panegyrists has it, this sympathy "involved the loss of a day's wages," and they owed it to their families to make that good.

The diversions of the evening were twofold—in the House of Commons and out of it. The banquet of the night was very much like the procession of the morning. The same persons were present, and, to the great disgust of some enthusiasts, who have brought railing accusations in consequence, the same persons were absent. As before, no one of Parliamentary calibre heavier than Mr. STUART and Sir WILFRID LAWSON could be got to be present, and the place of the Liberal leaders was again supplied by Mr. TIMS and Mr. PERCY BUNTING and Mr. AENEAS SMITH. Professor STUART again introduced the Hero and bard of Tullamore to the meeting, and the meeting again heard impassioned language from the hero and Bard of Tullamore. The fact that Mr. SULLIVAN is not one of the newer and businesslike kind of Nationalists at all, but an amiable, feather-headed survival of the feather-headed amiability of '48, a Young Irelander grown old, with his head as green as ever, was almost a sufficient comment on the silly business, if any further comment had been wanted than the utter absence of serious weight, political authority, or anything else in the whole affair. The wildest estimate of the total attendance in Hyde Park, pickpockets, loafers, and all, does not reach the population of an average London borough—of one of those boroughs in which Home Rulers and Gladstonians have been beaten so soundly. The speakers and occupiers of the platforms included not one single politician of even second-rate ability, and very few of even second-rate notoriety. Nothing said shows either the sense of a real political cause in the speaker or a hope of producing such a sense in the audience.

Yet, if the intelligent foreigner had augured badly of Home Rule from the pickpocket processionists and the platform platitudinizers, he could hardly have had his spirits raised by shifting his place of observation from Hyde Park and the Criterion to St. Stephen's. A mighty constitutional question was going to be raised. The Arrest of the Three Members was to be elevated once for all to a

position beside the Arrest of the Five. But it is always dangerous to arrange incidents of historical importance beforehand. It is improbable that much could have been made out of the question anyhow; but any little chance it had was extinguished by its raiser in Parliament. Mr. PICTON, with Nonconformist wit, compared Mr. O'BRIEN to St. PAUL, and indulged in a reminiscence of his schoolboy days, apparently at a very odd school, so utterly pointless that the merciful *Daily News* suppressed it in its Parliamentary report. The SPEAKER took two-thirds of the wind out of the Opposition sails by promptly, and in accordance with the strictest rule and precedent, deciding that the House had nothing to do with the arrest of Mr. GILHOOLY and Mr. PYNE, and the Government took the rest by as promptly making a proper and sufficient apology for the mistake which had been committed in the case of Mr. O'BRIEN. And then the thing was practically over, and might as well have gone at once to the division, which finally, in a House not extraordinarily full, affirmed the decision of the SPEAKER and of Ministers by something like the full Ministerial majority. But, of course, this would not have suited either the obstructive or the ostentatious instincts of the Opposition. So the House was treated to the spectacle of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT correcting, first the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and then Sir HENRY JAMES, on questions of law. Mr. BRADLAUGH expressed a constitutional aversion to detectives. The Mr. O'BRIEN in question took occasion for some minutes of the usual vapouring, which at his own next real arrest will no doubt be exchanged for the usual whining. Mr. PARNELL thought it might kill a man of nervous disposition to be pounced upon by constables—in reply to which it can only be said that Mr. PARNELL's partisans in Ireland know better ways of killing than that. Even Mr. GLADSTONE was put up; for the service of Mr. PARNELL is a hard service, and it was no doubt felt that some night's exploit at Westminster must gild the day's absence of the Liberal leaders at Euston. All this talk, as the defenders of the Government had no difficulty in pointing out, simply amounted to an evasion of two simple truths. The first is that privilege of Parliament does not cover crime. The second is that, whether it does or not, a mistake at once acknowledged and apologized for cannot constitute a breach of privilege in the eyes of any reasonable assembly, however much disposed it may be to stand on that privilege itself. Yet privilege, as Sir HENRY JAMES enraged the Parnellites and Gladstonians by incidentally remarking, is an altogether undemocratic thing.

It can hardly be necessary, but may be instructive, to complete the survey of unreality and charlatanism by noting some comments on Monday's displays. A single example shall suffice. One commentator says that the array of pickpockets and professors was a review of organized Liberalism in the capital, and that every captain of fifty on that occasion "knows where to find five hundred on the voting day." The same authority puts the combined strength of professors and pickpockets at seventy thousand. Therefore the captains of fifty know where to find seven hundred thousand Liberal voters in London. As a matter of fact, the entire constituency of the metropolitan district, in which Gladstonianism is at a ruinous minority, does not amount to half a million. Perhaps it may be thought that stuff of this sort is unworthy of serious refutation. It is sometimes worth while to take rant of the kind seriously and to show what rant it is. But it may be admitted that it is rant strictly in accordance with the proceedings which occasioned it and with the utterances of the spokesmen at those proceedings, from Mr. PARNELL and Mr. GLADSTONE in the House to Mr. PICKERSGILL and Mr. TIMS on the platform. In this pretended Home Rule movement, as the novelist said of his

heroine, "there is nothing real." Its arguments are hollow, its statistics are false, its rhetoric is rotten, its poetry is Mr. SULLIVAN'S, its law is Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S, its eloquence is *United Ireland*, its processionists are honest tradesmen only after the fashion of yet another character of fiction. What there is not in but behind it that is real is unavowed, and studiously kept in the background. The desire of Irish peasant criminals for the property of their landlords and the blood of their personal enemies, the desire of Irish agitators for office and its profits, the desire of English politicians for office and its power—these things are real enough, but they make little open figure either in Hyde Park or at Westminster.

#### LORD DUFFERIN.

LORD DUFFERIN'S intention of resigning the Indian Viceroyalty in a few months has caused universal regret. In the highest office, except that of Prime Minister, which can be held by a British subject, as in many public appointments in different parts of the world, Lord DUFFERIN has been highly successful. His whole career has tended to counteract the vulgar prejudice that genial humour is in any degree incompatible with practical vigour in affairs of State. The hereditary gift of wit was transmitted to him from SHERIDAN in uninterrupted succession. In LORD DUFFERIN'S early youth his *Letters from High Latitudes* recalled, notwithstanding the dissimilarity of form and of subject, the gaiety and brilliancy of the *School for Scandal* :—

Olim juventus et patrius vigor  
Nido laborum propulit inscium—

but, like the hero of HORACE, he soon after tried his strength in severer labours. Lord PALMERSTON must have thought highly of the capacity of a novice in diplomacy and administration when he sent Lord DUFFERIN as Commissioner to Syria with the duty of repressing the disturbances in the Lebanon. The choice of the Minister was justified by the prudence and energy of his agent, who had not shrank from the responsibility of inflicting capital punishment on one contumacious offender. From that time Lord DUFFERIN was marked out for political employment, but vacancies were rare during Lord PALMERSTON'S long administration; and in the course of several years he only held secondary Ministerial offices. His rise would perhaps have been more rapid if he had not been deprived by his early accession to the peerage of the opportunity of serving an apprenticeship in the House of Commons. On the whole, he had no reason to complain of neglect or discouragement. When he had scarcely attained middle life he became Governor-General of Canada, where he adapted himself with characteristic tact to the peculiar duties of his position. Although the representative of the Crown in a self-governing colony has no initiative and little power of independent action, his personal influence may have great political value. The social qualities of Lord DUFFERIN rendered him generally popular, while his sound judgment and his experience in affairs commanded the respect of the leaders of colonial opinion. He was also liked and respected by the statesmen of the neighbouring Republic with whom he had occasion to come in contact.

Lord DUFFERIN had received his Canadian office from the Liberal party, to which he had always belonged. His next appointment involved the high compliment of selection for an important post by a political opponent. Lord SALISBURY, then Foreign Secretary, offered Lord DUFFERIN the Russian Embassy; and he could have no hesitation in accepting the proposal. It is difficult for any observer, except superiors and colleagues, to judge of the conduct and merits of a diplomatist; but there can be little doubt that Lord DUFFERIN avoided unnecessary friction with a Court and a Cabinet which were not uniformly friendly to his Government. It was thought that he made himself personally agreeable to the aged Chancellor who still either really or ostensibly directed the policy of the Empire. Before his mission was ended, Lord DUFFERIN was almost an eye-witness of a terrible occurrence. He had an audience of the Emperor ALEXANDER II. only a quarter of an hour before his atrocious murder, and he heard the explosion, which he at once attributed to its real cause. He was afterwards removed to Constantinople, and it was as Ambassador to Turkey that he was instructed by Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government to investigate on the spot the condition of Egypt. The

remedy which he suggested for the misgovernment and for the distressed condition of the country was to copy as closely as possible in Egypt the method by which Indian kingdoms and principalities have been effectually reformed. A "masterful Indian Resident" would, in Lord DUFFERIN'S judgment, supersede the necessity of any detailed measure of improvement. He could, of course, not insist on the acceptance of a suggestion which was not necessarily practicable. French jealousy, perhaps, furnished a sufficient reason for a less vigorous course, and the English Government had neither the wisdom nor the energy which would have been required for the regeneration of Egypt. It is possible that Lord DUFFERIN may again be employed in the diplomatic service. One of his immediate predecessors in the Vice-royalty is now Ambassador at Paris, and there is no doubt of Lord DUFFERIN'S fitness for a similar post. It may, indeed, be said that there is no official duty which he would not be competent to discharge. He has had the remarkable felicity not only of being equal to the demands of any post which he has held, but of satisfying the expectations which had been formed of his success.

As soon as it was known that Lord RIPON was about to return from India, Lord DUFFERIN was almost by acclamation designated as his successor. He was appointed by Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, and he would almost certainly have been preferred to any rival if the Conservatives had been in office. Scarcely any public servant has received the same degree of recognition, although he has passed the greater part of his life abroad. Except in Canada, Lord DUFFERIN had held no great administrative office; but it was rightly thought that general ability and resource were the conditions of fitness for a post which might require the highest qualities of statesmanship. It was impossible to foresee the demands which might be made on the capacity of the VICEROY. He might, perhaps, have to conduct a great defensive war, and it was certain that he would have to deal at home with the results of a rash and feeble policy. The necessity of taking some decisive means of repressing the insolence of the Burmese Government was already becoming evident, and there was reason to apprehend complications with a European Power which was busy with intrigues at the Court of Mandalay. The danger of war with Russia afterwards became more imminent, and even the Government of Mr. GLADSTONE was prepared for a rupture in consequence of the incidents of Pendjeh. The solution of the Burmese problem was perhaps not wholly Lord DUFFERIN'S work; but he cordially approved, and he executed with laudable vigour, the policy of annexation. It is not his fault that the conquest has left many relics of strife behind it. There has now for some time been a sporadic contest between the English authorities and the turbulent part of the population under the name of Dacoits. Those who best know the state of the country express a confident belief that disorder will gradually be suppressed. There is no doubt that English rule, when it is permanently established, will greatly increase the prosperity of Burmah; and there is reason to believe that the occupation of the province will be not only inexpensive, but profitable. In the meantime the primary object of the enterprise has been fully accomplished. The French adventurers who surrounded King THEEBAW, and who would probably soon have concluded an alliance with his Government, are effectually baffled.

The settlement of the Afghan frontier postpones, and perhaps removes, the danger of a rupture with Russia. It would be unwise to rely on promises and diplomatic agreements as a complete security against aggression; but Lord SALISBURY is apparently disposed to trust the assurances of Russia, and it is obviously prudent not to furnish a pretext for irritation by unnecessary displays of suspicion; it is not known whether the VICEROY has directly contributed to a result which must be accepted as satisfactory. There is no doubt that he has to the utmost of his power made preparations which may discourage invasion by rendering it more perilous to the aggressor. There is no duty more incumbent on a Viceroy than provision for the security of the frontier. Lord DUFFERIN has at the same time continued the policy of supporting the AMEER. It is probable that ABDURRAHMAN may not be a model ruler, but he has so far been a faithful ally. It would appear that he has defeated various attempts at rebellion by dissatisfied chiefs. It is necessary to choose among the numerous claimants of the succession of SHERE ALI, and the preference has properly been given to the *de facto* ruler of Afghanistan. Lord DUFFERIN'S domestic and financial policy has been safe and unambitious. No encouragement has been given to

the native agitation which had been stimulated by foolish English politicians. On the other hand, nothing has been done to discourage legitimate aspirations, nor is the VICEROY responsible for imprudent encouragement of jealousy between Hindoos or Bengalees and Mohammedans. That the finances are not at present prosperous is not the fault of the Government. The mode by which the deficiency of the year has been met seems to approve itself to the best Indian financiers, and it has not been severely blamed by English critics. It is unfortunate that the expense of the annexation of Upper Burmah should have largely exceeded the estimate; but desultory warfare in conjunction with a total change of government cannot but be costly. The railways and fortifications by which the Northern frontier is protected probably tend to economy, though they are in the first instance expensive. The financial difficulties which have been overcome by fresh taxation are perhaps only temporary.

As Lord DUFFERIN will not resign his seat before October, it is not absolutely certain that the selection of his successor will rest with the present Government. The proposed appointment of Lord LANSDOWNE will be generally regarded as judicious. There may, perhaps, be political reasons for preferring to members of the Conservative party a Whig magnate who is a zealous supporter of the Union. The Separatists have long since discerned the connexion between the maintenance of the English dominion in India and the continued integrity of the United Kingdom. Lord LANSDOWNE will be pledged to resist any policy in the East or in the West which leads to the dissolution of the Empire. He has incurred the special enmity of the Nationalist agitators. One of their principal leaders not long since undertook a voyage to Canada for the purpose of denouncing the Governor-General. Mr. O'BRIEN's self-imposed mission ended in ridiculous failure, and there is reason to believe that Lord LANSDOWNE enjoys the confidence of the Canadian people. The appointment of a Liberal-Unionist to the Indian Viceroyalty will tend to cement the alliance between the Conservative party and the Liberal-Unionists. It is improbable that his appointment should have been publicly announced unless the Government felt confident that no rupture was to be apprehended. The personal fitness of Lord LANSDOWNE is undoubtedly more important than any political combination of English parties. The office of Viceroy requires qualifications of so high an order that they can only be tested by success; but it is satisfactory to know that Lord LANSDOWNE possesses undoubted ability, and it is an advantage, as Lord DUFFERIN remarked, that he is in the prime of life. Some great political issues which have demanded the attention of some of his predecessors are, it may be hoped, finally settled; but there is abundant room for the exercise of sound judgment and of statesmanlike foresight.

#### THE NEW RULES OF PROCEDURE.

WE should be very slow to assume that Mr. GLADSTONE's disposition towards the further reform of Parliamentary procedure is as amicable as his attitude. It may be remembered, indeed, that he qualified his professions of good-will to the Government, in respect of the matter, with the for him significant proviso that the new Rules must not be "of a nature to lead to protracted debate and 'vehement differences of opinion among large sections of the House." And, if we attempt to define hypothetically a series of procedure proposals which Mr. GLADSTONE could not describe as "of a nature to lead to protracted debate and 'vehement differences of opinion among large sections of the House," we shall probably have to confess to having found our imagination exhausted in the effort. PROTEUS is perhaps a little easier to confine within the bonds of the positive proposition, that the new Rules to secure his approval must "aim rather at giving effect to the general 'principles of good government and to the general sense and feeling of the House than at attempting to establish domination by mere triumphs of one party over another." For, if we except the Rule by which it is proposed to reduce the minimum majority by which the Closure can be imposed from two hundred to one hundred, there is no one of Mr. SMITH's proposals which even perversity could represent as of a partisan character. And as to the Rule to which we have just referred, it ought to secure the support of Mr. PARNELL on the principle recently avowed by him—namely, that it is to the interests of the present minority to strengthen machinery which they will

so soon require for the enforcement of their triumphant policy on a discomfited Unionist Opposition; and, if this is Mr. PARNELL's view, it may possibly become Mr. GLADSTONE's also.

As regards the other proposals which the Government have laid on the table, the most important of them in appearance is that with respect to the hours of sitting. Whether the House will, on the whole, gain much by meeting at three o'clock instead of four, and adjourning from eight to nine, instead of at the present uncertain period, for dinner, is perhaps open to some doubt; but as to the wisdom of peremptorily closing debate and discontinuing business with a view to a fixed adjournment at 1 P.M. on four nights of the week, there can hardly be two competent opinions. But this reform is, in our judgment, even more valuable for the ulterior steps to which it commits the House than for what it naturally effects. It is true that the indefinite prolongation of debates has mainly profited the Obstructionist; but it must be remembered also that one reason why debates, especially in Committee, have had to be protracted so far into the small hours is because, Obstructionists having monopolized so much of the earlier part of the night, the prolongation becomes absolutely necessary in order to find speaking-time for Ministers and others whose business it is to address the House on the subject before it. Hence the immediate effect of the new Rule, unaccompanied by any other alteration in procedure, might merely be to surrender the whole working-night to one or two Obstructionists who might be the first to catch the Speaker's eye. Once fix an absolute limit to the duration of debate, and the Government will be bound to take care that the time so limited is distributed among members of the House with some sort of reference to their relative claims to appropriate it. The proposal to discontinue the Committee and Report stage of the Address, to forbid the introduction of amendments to the motion to go into Committee, and the limitation of the right to move amendments on the Report, are all steps in the right direction. They are aimed, that is to say, at the abridgment of the too abundant opportunities for talk which our Parliamentary system at present affords. Any one who takes a *bona fide* interest in the improvement of legislation will find plenty of facilities left him for bringing his suggestions before the House. The proposed authorization to the Speaker to take divisions at his discretion by calling upon members to rise in their places will, if assented to by the House, remove another cause of useless delay, and disarm the Obstructionist of one of his most potent weapons. Perhaps the least satisfactory proposal on the list is that relating to disorderly conduct. Its tenor is certainly somewhat of a disappointment to general expectation. Apparently it does no more than enable the Speaker to order an offending member to withdraw immediately from the House during the remainder of that sitting, with the further proviso—so as to prevent a technical compliance with the order by the delinquent's merely retiring below the bar, or taking a seat under the Speaker's Gallery—that the member so dealt with shall withdraw "from the precincts of the House." It is surely doubtful, however, whether this is a sufficiently formidable addition to the present punishment of suspension to make it worth while to attach it thereto. We would much rather that the Government had proposed some effective method of dealing with deliberate and habitual offenders against Parliamentary decency—a point which they have left entirely untouched.

#### THE STORY OF LEFEVRE.

[Communicated by a Nephew of Mr. T. A. Dicks.]

#### CHAPTER VIII.

"IN a day or two, or less than a week," added my uncle THOMAS smiling, "he might march home again." "He will not march, with all submission, this week," said the Under-Secretary. "He will march," said my uncle THOMAS rising from his chair. "With all submission," said the Under-Secretary, "he shall never march but to a gaol." "He shall march," cried my uncle THOMAS; "he shall march to his place in Parliament." "I will not stand it," said the Under-Secretary. "He will be supported," said my uncle THOMAS. "He'll be dropped at last," said the Under-Secretary, "unless, indeed, he drops of himself, as I hear is likely." "He will not drop," said my uncle

THOMAS firmly. "Well, well, good day," said Sir W-ST, maintaining his point; "do what you can for him; I believe the poor creature will fly." "He will not fly, " by ——" cried my uncle THOMAS.

The reporting gentleman who sped back to the office with this oath blushed as he handed in his flimsy, and the sub-editor, when he went over the proofs, ran his pencil through the word, and altered it to "GL-DST-NE."

#### CHAPTER IX.

My uncle THOMAS went closer to the Under-Secretary's bureau, and put the case more clearly before Sir W-ST R-DGW-Y, reminding him that LEFEVRE was a lieutenant in H-RC-RT's company, and would not be likely to incite to any breach of the law, adding that the purpose of the Lougheera meeting was to induce the tenants, not to withhold their rent, but to purchase their holdings under Lord ASHBOURNE'S Act. Having satisfied the Under-Secretary with these assurances, my uncle THOMAS returned to his inn, and, telling the Boots to wake him in time for the first train westward, he went to bed and fell asleep.

#### CHAPTER X.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in Lougheera but LEFEVRE's; the hand of funk pressed heavy on his eyelids, and hardly would the pump-handle of stumperatory have made a shift that day to describe its acts had not my uncle THOMAS, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the Lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did; how he had rested in the night; what was his complaint; where was his pain, and what he could do to help him; and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Under-Secretary the night before for him.

"You shall come home directly afterwards, LEFEVRE," said my uncle THOMAS, "to my house; and we'll send for a reporter to revise his account of the matter; and we'll have an interviewer; and the Under-Secretary shall see a report of your speech; and, in short, I'll see you through it, LEFEVRE."

There was a frankness in my uncle THOMAS—not the effect of familiarity (which had bred another feeling in his mind), but the cause of it, which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the cuteness of his nature. To this there was something in his looks and voice and manner superadded, which eternally beckoned to the chicken-hearted to come and learn courage from him; so that, before my uncle THOMAS had half finished making these kind offers, the Lieutenant almost insensibly became stronger at the knees, and he had stretched out his hand for his dressing-gown and was drawing it towards him. The blood and spirits of LEFEVRE, which had been waxing cold and slow within him and retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back; the film forsook his eyes for a moment; he looked up wishfully in my uncle THOMAS's face, then took a look at the situation, and his confidence, somewhat slight as it was, was for a moment shaken. Suppose Mr. B-LF-R should take a different view of the matter from Sir W-ST R-DGW-Y?

Nature instantly ebbed again, the film returned to its place, the pluck wavered—sank—revived—wobbled—sank again—revived—squirmed—recovered again. Shall I go on? No.

[It is not necessary. The issue of this severe mental struggle is to be found in the reports of the newspapers.—ED.]

#### THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.

THE earlier part of the debate on the Address and on Mr. PARNELL's Amendment turned on the time-honoured issue of *post hoc* and *propter hoc*. It was agreed on both sides, for the purpose of the argument, that Irish crime had diminished, in consequence, as the Government contends, of the vigorous execution of the Crimes Act. The Opposition loudly deny the connexion between coercion and the partial restoration of order. The Crimes Act is certainly a *vera causa*, or, in other words, an existing fact. But it happens that Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL, with the whole body

of their adherents, are convinced that it has no relation to the tranquillity which it was intended to promote. They have another and an anterior *hoc* of their own to explain the improvement which it is not their immediate interest to deny. According to Mr. PARNELL, a miracle has been worked by Mr. GLADSTONE, and the Irish people abstain more or less from murder and outrage because they now rely on English sympathy with their demand for Home Rule. As the convictions of all the disputants uniformly follow their party organization, the contest would, as far as the House of Commons is concerned, have been simplified by beginning with the division and omitting the speeches. It is, however, natural and right that an appeal should be made to public opinion; and there are perhaps some impartial politicians out of doors who are still open to argument. Attacks on the policy of "the accursed Act," as one Irish orator called it, are only relevant to the present discussion as far as they tend to show that it has failed to accomplish its object. If it has succeeded in its main purpose of crippling the National League, it will be regarded by the Separatists as doubly accursed. It may be remarked that, while Nationalist members repeat Mr. PARNELL's explanation of the diminution of crime, Home Rule is scarcely mentioned in Ireland. Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE and Mr. WILFRID BLUNT are welcomed at Nationalist meetings, not as advocates of Irish independence, which is seldom or never mentioned, but because they encourage tenants to combine against the payment of their rents. Mr. PARNELL has not succeeded in communicating to the mass of his partisans in Ireland the sentimental gratitude to Mr. GLADSTONE which he expresses in the House of Commons.

The protest against obstruction with which Mr. PARNELL began his ingenious speech was probably sincere. His motive for abandoning the tactics of the last Session are fully understood. The combined Separatists then fully believed that they would be able to break up the hostile majority, either on Procedure or more probably on the Crimes Bill. It was thought that pertinacious delay would give time for effective appeals to the popular prejudice against coercion; and hopes were entertained that the House would be prevented, by want of time, from passing some of the clauses. The obstructionists were greatly disappointed when the Ministerial leader induced the House of Commons to pass in bulk the clauses which would otherwise have been the subject of endless debate. The conduct of the Opposition had provoked general disgust and indignation, and it had provided the Government with a sufficient excuse for the scanty legislation of the Session. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL have had the good sense to learn by experience. They now see that their chance of dissolving the majority depends on its own possible dissensions, and that it is not to be effected by external pressure when it is, as last year, indiscriminately applied to both its sections. The Government is now promised the support of its enemies in all beneficial legislation. Mr. GLADSTONE beams with amiable toleration for the proceedings of the only country in Europe which, as he informed the Shorncliffe audience on the previous day, keeps another country in subjection. Mr. PARNELL was, at first, almost equally amiable, until he entered on the recapitulation of Mr. BALFOUR's delinquencies. The Ministers will scarcely be imprudent enough to rely on the forbearance of either of the Opposition leaders. The frivolous debate on the blunder of a policeman indicated more clearly than any set speeches the temper in which the Separatists begin the Session. The debate on Mr. PARNELL's Amendment was to have been finished on the second night; but as it raised the main questions which are at issue between the Government and the Opposition, an extension of time was perhaps not unreasonable. The damaging effect of the speeches of Colonel SAUNDERSON and Mr. T. W. RUSSELL is, of course, not acknowledged by the Separatists; but they can scarcely dispute the representative character of either member. One of them expresses the opinions of the Conservative minority throughout Ireland, and the other is equally entitled to speak for the Liberals of Ulster. If the determined opponents of the National League and of Home Rule are satisfied with Mr. BALFOUR's defence of their rights, the contention that the Crimes Act has proved to be ineffective can scarcely be well founded.

All the attacks on Mr. BALFOUR's administration assume that he had a discretion to enforce the Crimes Act or to leave it in abeyance. It might as well be held that a commanding officer in time of war is at liberty to neglect the duty of inflicting damage on the enemy. The Parliament

which first passed the Crimes Act and then authorized the Proclamation of the National League imposed on the CHIEF SECRETARY the important duty of punishing violations of the law. If statistics and credible reports may be trusted, the vigorous enforcement of the Act has produced highly beneficent results; but even if the experiment had failed, it was necessary that it should be tried. The assailants of the Government, and especially the foul-mouthed calumniators of the CHIEF SECRETARY, have carefully abstained from all notice of the consequences which would have followed an inactive policy. In many parts of Ireland, and especially in Clare and Kerry, branches of the League, urged on by unscrupulous demagogues, were threatening and persecuting those who ventured to disobey their commands, including tenants willing to pay their rents who might contravene the Plan of Campaign. Mr. DILLON, MICHAEL DAVITT, and Mr. W. O'BRIEN were perhaps the most daring instigators of violence and tyranny; but other popular orators were zealously preaching resistance to law. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN and other opponents of coercion, when it is not practised by themselves, virtually suggest that the most active and most dangerous promoters of sedition should have been allowed to pursue their avocation in security. The weapon which Parliament had forged for the repression of disorder ought, in their opinion, to have been deliberately allowed to rust. Perhaps the Crimes Act would have been regarded with comparative toleration if it had provided for the trial of offences by juries which could be trusted in all cases to acquit. Some of the Separatist speakers applied the strongest terms of vituperation to the resident magistrates, really on the ground that they have done their duty. The fact that most of them had been appointed by Lord SPENCER to the same or to equally responsible posts was conveniently forgotten. One of their judgments only has been reversed on appeal; and in the greater number of cases the accused persons scarcely pretended to be innocent. The apologists of sedition and of local tyranny contend on behalf of their clients, not that they have refrained from breaking the law, but that disobedience to its enactments was morally justified. The same argument is implied in the pretended distinction between political and ordinary offences, and for the present purpose political crimes may be defined as illegal acts committed by members of Parliament, priests, journalists, and other persons of similar position.

Probably most Irish Nationalists would admit that agrarian murders are not entitled to immunity as political crimes. In such a case as that of FITZMAURICE, who is the latest victim of assassination, the branch of the League by which he was boycotted, including the priest who presided at the meeting, were morally, if not legally, involved in guilt of the same nature with that of the actual murderers, inasmuch as their action was, though perhaps without their distinct purpose, one of the probable causes of the actual crime. Whether they were culpable or not, their denunciation of the unfortunate man was not a political proceeding. Mr. T. W. RUSSELL protested with creditable vigour against the doctrine that the ringleaders should be spared, while their agents and dupes are held responsible for their less criminal obedience to orders. Mr. PARNELL indeed complained that newsvendors and other lawbreakers of humble station had in some instances been apprehended. It would probably appear on inquiry that the lowest class of servants of the League has not been held responsible, except in cases of continuous defiance of the law. If the hawker of a prohibited document obstinately refuses to discontinue his occupation, he can scarcely be allowed to escape the consequences of his perversity. Mr. PARNELL prudently abstained from mentioning the sentences which were passed on offending news-men. He mentioned the case of a foreman in a newspaper office who had been prosecuted instead of his employers. It appeared that he was the registered proprietor of the paper, and that there was no one else in the office on whom process could have been served. The real and pretended indignation which has been provoked by the punishment of more conspicuous personages is much more vehement than Mr. PARNELL's protest on behalf of petty offenders. It may be doubted whether the mass of the community disapproves of impartial dealing with priests and laymen, with barristers and with peasants. It is certain that, if Mr. BALFOUR had made a distinction in favour of offenders of a superior order, he would have been attacked for undue aristocratic preference. Some of the agitators who have undergone short terms of imprisonment have been guilty of the gravest crimes. Intentional and systematic violation of law is not

a venial offence, even when it is not aggravated by participation in conspiracies against property and life. It is not a little strange that scarcely any speaker on the side of the Opposition attempted to maintain Mr. PARNELL's second proposition. The improvement in the condition of Ireland was declared to have nothing to do with Mr. BALFOUR's administration. That it was in any way connected with Mr. GLADSTONE's deferred Home Rule Bill was not seriously urged; and, indeed, the pretence was generally forgotten. If the Opposition holds itself bound by the promises of its two leaders, there will not be many more debates on a subject which is thoroughly exhausted. It is impossible that any speaker should sink below the level of Mr. ELLIS and Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE.

#### ARMY REORGANIZATION.

THE Memorandum published by the War Office on Saturday last shows that Mr. STANHOPE is really trying to give effect by the beginning of this Session to the promises made before Parliament rose in 1887. He then undertook to put his department on a sound basis, and briefly showed how he proposed to do it. The Memorandum is simply his speech put into the imperative mood. In that condition it looks very well. We may now take it as settled, as far as this Memorandum can do so, that in future every War Office herring shall hang by its own head. The Military Department is to work together under a recognized chief, and the civil side likewise. Each subsection is to have its own definite functions all to be performed in a rational way. The ten paragraphs on the Military Department deal each with a general or director of something who is to be responsible in future if anything goes wrong in his office. Seven paragraphs define the duties of the Civil Department in an equally luminous way. All this, as we have said, looks very well, and might inspire enthusiasm if it was not read by the light of some experience. Unfortunately these army reorganization schemes have a certain resemblance to the hundred years' truces with SALADIN which made WAMBA the son of WITLESS feel so very old. There have been so many of them, and they have always been going to settle everything, and yet after much less than a hundred years it is to do again. Even if Mr. STANHOPE's plan is such a very good one (and we have no doubt that an army could be well administered on it), there is cause for much modesty on the part of some of us in the reflection that it has taken our rulers exactly two hundred and twenty-eight years of experience in the management of standing armies to learn how to organize a War Office. To be sure the Memorandum cannot be said to contain absolute novelties, but that again is not an altogether encouraging consideration. If, indeed, this last change is only a return to the practice of the days before the Crimea (which is to some extent the case), then, with the recollection of what that war was to guide us, we have excellent reason for not being enthusiastic about this last reorganization of the War Office. In the Crimea, though more outcry was made about it than was quite just, there was abundance of mismanagement and confusion, and there was certainly an abject slavery to red-tape among military men as well as civilians. The present reorganization will give no security against a recurrence of the same sort of blundering; nor, indeed, will anything except a general agreement to cease grumbling at the system, and to take to punishing individuals when things go wrong, so as to make all understand that in war the object is to beat the enemy, and not to play the great War Office game.

Examination of the Memorandum does not by any means inspire confidence that the evils of the old system will be wholly removed by the new plan. The current work of administration may doubtless be better done under it; but mere delay in doing routine work is not the worst fault of the department. Its vice has been that it was managed, not with the primary object of supplying a good army, but in subordination to the temporary political interests of the body of gentlemen forming the Cabinet for the time being. The new scheme affords no sort of security that the same sort of mismanagement will not be repeated. Much is said and implied about the responsibility of the Military Department, but we do not learn how far its responsibility is to go. There is nothing to show that in future the military men in the War Office will be better able than in the past to prevent the depletion of the stores whenever the Secretary finds it convenient to make things pleasant for the Chan-

cellor of the Exchequer. There is nothing to show that in future the Secretary will be less able than in the past to go over the heads of technical Committees, and order the choice of a certain rifle at an immense ultimate expense to the nation. It would perhaps be too much to ask of any scheme of departmental reorganization that it should secure us against the inevitable vices of Parliamentary government; but then that is a reason for receiving such things very coolly. But even within the Office itself the new scheme allows of the continuance of that practice of endless letter-writing which would make an English Government office a paradise to the late Mr. MICAWBER. Under the head of "Proposals for New Expenditure, &c.," it is provided that, when the Military Department has to ask for more money, its claim must go to the Financial Division before being submitted to the Secretary of State. We entirely fail to see what purpose this can serve, except to encourage the practice of wasting time in mere useless scribbling. The Financial Division's business is to do the accounting and bookkeeping for the Office. It has no power to stop the final reference to the Secretary, and can only waste time and multiply the already enormous mass of letters all folded in four and neatly docketed which cumber the archives of all Government offices. One explanation may be given with some plausibility for this part of the Memorandum. It is that Mr. STANHOPE is in mortal terror of finding himself at the mercy of a Military Department truculently clamouring for more, and has set up the Financial Division as a dyke, or, at least, as a remora to protect himself. This may be natural and even pardonable in a Secretary conscious of human weakness, but it does not afford any reason for believing that there will be less endless scribbling by deputy inspectors to second clerks, or less tugging and riving by different sections over the Budget. Now these were just the tiresome old vices of the War Office, and any new scheme which leaves them untouched must expect to be received with at least very tepid welcome.

#### THE METROPOLITAN BOARD.

THE Metropolitan Board of Works Inquiry Committee has issued an appeal to the metropolitan members of Parliament, asking them to support an investigation into the charges made against the Board. Those to whom this request has been addressed saw the desirableness of complying with it, and supported Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's motion yesterday morning. Two of them, indeed, who are or have been members of the Board—Mr. HUGHES and Mr. WEBSTER—announce that, in their opinion, it is a perfect body, assailed, from the worst motives, by a corrupt press and unprincipled agitators. But even Mr. WEBSTER and Mr. HUGHES—the Gog and Magog of Spring Gardens—will find few people to share their views, and even they shrank from burking inquiry. For, if the miscellaneous crew of select Vestrymen, under whose dominion Londoners have the privilege to dwell, do really add the innocence of the dove to the wisdom of the serpent, they have nothing to fear, but everything to hope, from the most searching and minute examination of their acts. It is obvious that, if any member of the House of Commons, who either is or has recently been a member of the Board, had opposed the appointment of a Commission, he would have laid himself open to a very unpleasant construction of his motives on the part of the uncharitably disposed. Mr. DE TATTON EGERTON, a colleague of the two gentlemen already mentioned both in the House and on the Board, though not a metropolitan member, has been amongst the strongest advocates for a Commission, and he is understood to be supported, at the eleventh hour, by the Board's Chairman, Lord MAGHERAMORNE. The scandals with which the Board has been for some time unpleasantly associated culminated the other day in the case of the Assistant Architect, who had confessed to just that sort of indiscretion which is least excusable and tolerable in a public servant. But this is only the last straw; though the behaviour of the Board is a straw of another kind—the straw that shows which way the wind blows. Every one remembers what serious accusations were made against the Board last summer, and how they were evaded. At last, after much pressure from what the incriminated parties doubtless regard as a venal press and an ignorant public, the Board solemnly resolved itself into a Committee, consisting of itself, to decide whether imputations made upon itself were true. Most of the complainants refused

to take part in so degrading a travesty of justice; and the Metropolitan Board had the proud satisfaction of acquitting itself from guilt, and declaring that it left the court, or rather remained in the room, without a stain upon its public character.

But this was a little too much for the licentious journalists and the clamorous mob of whom the Board stands in such wholesome awe. During the recess the self-exonerated Vestrymen have enjoyed rather warm times, and with the opening of the Session Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has taken up the cudgels against them. Lord RANDOLPH represents South Paddington in Parliament, and Mr. FARDELL, who represents Paddington on the Board, has been conspicuous among the sensible and honourable minority who protested against submitting in silence to grave allegations of official corruption. The notice which Lord RANDOLPH proposed, and which, with some verbal alterations suggested by the SPEAKER, was carried yesterday morning, is sufficiently important to be quoted in full. It runs as follows:—"That an humble Address be presented to the Crown "praying that a Royal Commission, empowered by statute "to take evidence on oath, to compel attendance of witnesses "to grant certificates of indemnity to witnesses in "such cases as may be desirable and proper, and to call "for all necessary records and documents, be appointed to "inquire into and report upon the working of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and into the irregularities which "are alleged to have taken place in connexion therewith." This motion having been passed, it becomes the duty of the Government to introduce a Bill conferring the necessary powers upon the Commission. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has removed the objections which were at first made to the appointment of a Royal Commission, on the ground that it would not be able to enforce the attendance of witnesses, or to insist upon their answering the questions put to them. Those objections were perfectly valid, for without compulsion the truth will never be got out of the Board. A Select Committee of the House of Commons, upon which compulsory powers might be conferred by the House, has been suggested as a preferable tribunal, and it might certainly be appointed far more speedily, without the elaborate formalities of a Bill and without the assent of the House of Lords. But Lord RANDOLPH argues, on the other hand, with some force, that the taint of party politics always clings to a Parliamentary Committee. Names are canvassed, the balance of parties has to be more or less accurately observed, and the Irish Nationalists insist upon having a voice in the matter. A Royal Commission, though it must of course be nominated by the Government of the day, may be framed without any regard for the issues which divide the political world. There are men of great and acknowledged eminence whose political opinions, if they have any, are quite unknown; and, at all events, nobody would think of asking in such circumstances as these whether the Commissioners were Conservatives, or Liberal-Unionists, or Home Rulers. The matter is one which concerns the ratepayers of London, who have a right to know whether their money is being spent and their affairs administered by men of common sense and common honesty.

The case of the Committee is set forth in a letter from the Chairman, Mr. MARK JUDGE, to the members for London constituencies. We must confess that we do not quite understand why the question has been left for Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL to take up. HER MAJESTY's Ministers might with advantage have forestalled him. The present Leader of the House of Commons is a metropolitan member. So is the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. Mr. SMITH is, indeed, regarded as the *doyen* of the body, while Mr. GOSCHEN is the most intellectually distinguished. If it be necessary to give a night for the rant and fuss about Trafalgar Square, of which most sensible people are heartily sick, it was, we should have thought, far more incumbent upon the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY and his colleagues to entertain the question whether the chief rating authority in London is a nest of jobbers and a den of thieves. For this is really what it comes to. Mr. JUDGE talks somewhat vaguely about "improper proceedings in connexion with "the sale of the Board's lands, which have resulted in "serious loss to the ratepayers." This is the case of Mr. ROBERTSON and Mr. VILLIERS known as the Pavilion scandal. But on two points he is precise enough, and they alone justify Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's motion. It is said, and Mr. JUDGE offers to prove, that "dangerous and unsanitary property belonging to a member "of the Board" has been "repaired by the Board's work-

"men at the expense of the ratepayers." It is further alleged, and this time at least we know where we are, that "members and officers of the Board" have "made use of their position for the purpose of obtaining advantages for themselves from persons doing business with the Board." Mr. HEBB, the Assistant Architect, has admitted that he asked for and obtained gratuitous tickets of admission to theatres by virtue of his official position, which enabled him to insist or to refrain from insisting upon structural alterations being made by the lessees. Why was not Mr. HEBB dismissed? It is impossible to suppose that even members of the Metropolitan Board did not know him to have been guilty of gross indiscretion, or that they were not aware how injurious their condonation of it would be to them in public opinion. The charge of repairing private property at the public expense is, if possible, more serious still; but the evidence in this case has not, so far as we are aware, been given to the world. Mr. JUDGE, however, on behalf of the Committee, pledges himself to lay before the Commission the names of the persons incriminated, together with the names of the witnesses who are prepared to prove the charges. After all that has passed, it is not wonderful that the House of Commons unanimously adopted the motion of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. To reject it would only have left the Metropolitan Board in a worse position than before, while it would have refused to metropolitan ratepayers that which they had a clear right to demand.

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's political position and the intrinsic importance of the subject combined to prevent his motion from being blocked, and therefore it could be taken at one in the morning. There are very strong reasons against delay, and no objection whatever to the utmost conceivable promptitude. The case for the prosecution is ready, and the defendants have had ample time to prepare their answer. If the sword had been kept hanging over them much longer, there is no saying what might not have happened. Documentary evidence is often the most valuable of all, but it has an unfortunate habit of disappearing just when it is most wanted. A paragraph in the Report of the Committee of Inquiry is most significant. "Some of these charges," it says—meaning the charges which we have already mentioned—"are based on evidence which refers to Minutes of Committees of the Board, and as the object of the Inquiry Committee is simply to get at the facts, two applications were addressed to the Board asking that permission might be given to the Chairman and Treasurer of the Inquiry Committee to examine the records of the Board's Committees. The Board declined to grant this request, though on each occasion a minority of the members of the Board supported the application." We have seldom read a more instructive statement. We trust that Parliament will take warning by it and lose no time in passing the Bill. Mr. BROADHURST moved that the scope of the Commission should be extended to the Vestries from which the Metropolitan Board is composed. We do not doubt that many London Vestries are very far from being what they ought to be, or that Mr. BROADHURST, before he was a member of Parliament, had opportunities of watching the way in which they did their work. But, as a practical man, Mr. BROADHURST must know the value of the principle "one thing at a time." Let the Vestries, whatever may be their shortcomings, wait until the *Curia*, to which they all contribute, has been thoroughly inspected and overhauled. So thought the House of Commons, and rejected Mr. BROADHURST's amendment by a large majority. To one request of the Committee Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL returned a judiciously indefinite reply. The Committee asked that the members for Paddington, Lord RANDOLPH and Mr. AIRD, should invite Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Professor STUART to co-operate with them. The aid of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL would no doubt be invaluable, if he had any time to spare from conducting half the sensational cases and attending half the public meetings in London. But the less said about Professor STUART as an instrument for obtaining accurate information the better. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is himself quite equal to accomplishing the not very arduous task he has undertaken. After settling the affairs of Europe, and disposing of the Triple Alliance, he must almost want a microscope to observe the proceedings of the Metropolitan Board.

#### "MATERIAL ACTION."

MR. LABOUCHERE is not likely to be offended if his interpellations to Sir JAMES FERGUSON on the subject of the engagements of England are described as mischievous in the highest possible degree. For he means them to be mischievous, and intelligently adopts the proper mischief-making means to arrive at ends of mischief. It is the asserted conviction of the school to which Mr. LABOUCHERE belongs that anything which engages England in foreign politics is bad, and anything which disengages her from foreign politics is good. This conviction may, except in those Irish members of the party who frankly avow a desire to damage England in every possible way, be incomprehensible enough; for you can as well keep a European nation great and prosperous but disengaged from European politics as you can keep a mouse well and lively under an exhausted receiver. But, granted the end, the means are sufficiently well chosen. If it were possible, not only to demand, but to obtain, minute particulars in the House of Commons as to the engagements and intentions of Government in regard to foreign policy, a very few years would simplify the task of the catechizers, inasmuch as there would be nothing to tell them. Even as it is, the mere exposure of English Ministers to such catechizing seriously hampers them in acting for the good of the country. Such an extension of the practice as Mr. LABOUCHERE desires would make every foreign Government boycott England altogether in the matter of common understandings. Fortunately the nuisance has at present gone no further than this—that injudicious or ill-willed members of Parliament may ask what they like, and that judicious and well-meaning Ministers may answer what they like. There are perhaps few positions in which answers like that of the Saint—"He is near you"—are not only so excusable, but such a positive duty, as in the position of a Secretary or Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. There are departments of the public service where it is hardly possible for things to be too much open to the public eye; in this particular department it is hardly possible for some things at least to be kept from that eye too closely until the proper and safe minute. Therefore the questioner in such cases is for the time being a public enemy, and is to be treated according to the fashions and on the moral principles recommended by Lord WOLSELEY and other authorities. "The Under-Secretary's 'Pocket-Book' would not be a bad book to write, though Sir JAMES FERGUSON in particular has shown himself fairly independent of such aid. We have not the slightest intention of criticizing the terms of his answers to Mr. LABOUCHERE. To do so would be to do exactly what Mr. LABOUCHERE desires, and what the enemies of England abroad desire and are trying to do. In matters of foreign policy it is the right and the duty of every public writer and speaker to point out what line, in his opinion, Ministerial policy ought to take; but it is still more the duty of every such writer and speaker to abstain from extracting compromising declarations of the line that it will take. And, indeed, in these days the process is not only mischievous but idle, for the complications of things are so great, and the changes of them so rapid, that the most indiscreet Minister could hardly tell on Monday what he should do in a given state of things on Saturday.

The latest elements in the great problem of peace or war have been, besides this question of the engagements of England, the other questions of the position of Italy, of the chances of Russia taking some steps to benefit by Prince BISMARCK's curious recognition of her right to "sway" in Bulgaria, and, lastly, the fantastic notion still caressed by some French and Russian journalists, and supposed to have sprung from Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's tour, that England may be coaxed into a Franco-Russian alliance. The first and the last-named go together, and the mere consideration of them together is almost enough in the case of any reasonable person to decide both. The duties and interests of England are very simple and plain. Duty bids her see that the Turkish Empire, especially in Asia, is not further broken up without imperative reason, and interest bids her see that a new Mediterranean Power is not created in the shape of Russia. In neither of these respects is an alliance with either Russia herself, or France, desirable, or even possible. For such an alliance must be directed to the detriment of the other Powers, and the detriment of those other Powers can by no possibility benefit England. She might profit by the disasters of France; she certainly would profit, if only nega-

tively, by the disasters of Russia; but she has nothing to gain by the disasters either of Austria or of Italy, and so little as to be next to nothing to gain by the disasters of Germany. On the other hand, the three allied Powers by keeping Russia in check can give England much more securely the only thing that Russia herself can give—a guarantee against further encroachments in Central Asia. Only a madman or a traitor, therefore, could propose an Anglo-Franco-Russian alliance, and there is no reason to suppose that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is a madman, while he certainly is not a traitor. Yet the amount of positive support which England could, should, or would give to the new tripartite alliance against French and Russian aggression is clearly a matter to be determined in the event of the case arising, and not before.

Much curiosity has been shown on the point whether Russia will endeavour to obtain the benefit of Prince BISMARCK's offers. It is true that those who express this curiosity do not seem to be aware that these offers are uncommonly vague offers, and that they have practically been made many times before. French is the language of diplomacy, and there is a certain French adjective which exactly expresses Prince BISMARCK's genial suggestion that Russia shall make some proposals to regain her sway and his genial assurance that these proposals shall have the support of Germany. This geniality is of course not treacherous or traitorous; but it is *traiere*. If, of course, one assertion which has been rather rashly made were correct, and if Germany had given a positive undertaking, not only that she would not interfere in Bulgarian matters herself, but also that she would not even regard an attack on Austria, if Austria objected to Russian violence in Bulgaria, as a *casus foederis*, then matters would certainly be different. But, if that were the case, the Austro-German alliance would be a pure farce, and we should probably before this have seen a fleet of Russian transports off Varna. Short of such a pledge on Prince BISMARCK's part—a pledge which would amount to a contradiction of his whole speech—his suggestions to Russia in the Bulgarian matter are most emphatically hollow ground for any wise Russian to walk on. The Russian proposals are to be consonant with the Berlin Treaty, and yet Prince BISMARCK knows, and, indeed, with charming frankness, admits, that certain Powers very directly concerned refuse to see anything about Russian sway in that treaty. It is obvious that in any conference on the subject, even supposing that Germany and France blindly backed Russia, Turkey would have to be introduced to give the casting vote, and to give it in favour of an abolition of the SULTAN's own rights. Otherwise it would be impossible to get a majority. Almost everybody who has looked into the matter believes that it is still more impossible for Russia to frame any proposals, do what she may, which shall satisfy at once the Berlin Treaty (even on the Bismarckian interpretation of that document), the objections of Austria, Italy, and England, her own desires, and the determination of the Porte to surrender as few of its rights as possible, and those only when forced. Prince BISMARCK's offer, then, amounts practically to a suggestion that Russia shall make two straight lines enclose a space or construct a triangle the angles of which shall be equal to less or more than the normal amount. He, the PRINCE, will then not only give this triangle his most distinguished consideration, but will—*soi de Bismarck*—press its acceptance on assembled Europe with all the means at his command. No doubt he would, for his honour and honesty are both beyond suspicion. But somehow or other it is suspected that there may be a difficulty in first constructing the triangle.

#### MR. PARNEll'S AMENDMENT.

MOST Parliamentary debates, especially when they turn upon familiar political questions, consist, in the contemplation of logic, of not more than two speeches. That is to say, it seldom requires more than this amount of discussion to either establish or refute the proposition on which the debate has been challenged. Few issues submitted to Parliament are so complicated that a capable reasoner with the facts at his command, and from an hour to an hour and a half to array and develop his arguments, cannot put his case into a condition to be pronounced upon by any fairly intelligent tribunal without more ado. Certainly there is nothing in the proposition submitted to the House of Commons in the paragraph relating to Ireland in the QUEEN'S Speech, and traversed by the amendment of Mr. PARNEll, to make it necessary for the Court to call upon

any one else besides Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. PARNEll himself. We might say, indeed, that the question was ripe for judgment after Mr. MORLEY's reply to the CHIEF SECRETARY, were it not that that singularly weak effort of an able man was made under somewhat disadvantageous circumstances. Mr. BALFOUR's facts and figures were fresh; and, his predecessor at the Irish Office having to deal with them on the spur of the moment, it might have been thought unfair to take his speech as representing the best answer which the Opposition could make to them. There can be no such unfairness, however, in assigning this representative character to the speech of a man who is a greater master of the subject than Mr. MORLEY, and who had had three days in which to study his opponent's statement. We shall undoubtedly be safe in regarding Mr. PARNEll's reply to Mr. BALFOUR as having put the Opposition case as strongly as it can be put; and so regarded, it leaves that case not one whit stronger than it came from the hands of Mr. MORLEY. Both of them admit the improvement in Ireland; both suggest the same explanation of it, in substitution for that propounded in the QUEEN'S Speech; but as regards amount of success in the attempt to discredit the Ministerial explanation, and to procure acceptance of their own, there is nothing to choose between them.

Mr. PARNEll, like Mr. MORLEY, can see no reason for supposing that this admittedly vigorous enforcement of the law against certain disorderly and illegal persons can have anything to do with a reduction in their number. He attributes it solely to the operation of the good advice addressed—or alleged to have been addressed—to the former law-breakers by certain virtuous and disinterested counsellors in England. Even if the cause to which he ascribes the change were as conspicuously present as he pretends, its assumed potency would rest upon much the same evidence as that of the charms which, according to an historic sarcasm, have been found so efficacious, when accompanied with the administration of powerful antiseptics, in the work of disinfection. But, as a matter of fact, the particular incantations which Mr. PARNEll declares to have charmed away Irish disorder have never been audible on this side of St. George's Channel. We may observe that it would in any case have been a somewhat doubtful compliment on his part to his Gladstonian friends to suggest that they have only just awakened to the duty of dissuading Irishmen from crime; but let that pass. It is with the alleged fact of these all-powerful dissuasions that we are alone concerned; and there seems here to be fair ground for retorting Mr. GLADSTONE'S demand for statistics upon Mr. PARNEll. It would greatly strengthen his argumentative position if he were able to cite any examples of these sedative exhortations on the part of his English friends, to say nothing of proof of their efficacy. The only manifestations of Gladstonian activity in Ireland which the English public can recall had certainly the reverse of a tranquilizing effect. They occurred at Mitchelstown and at Woodford; at the former of which places the counsels of calmness addressed to the Irish people resulted in the first instance in a riot, in which the mob had to be fired upon by the police, and several lives were lost; while at the second there occurred the rough-and-tumble fight in the course of which Mr. WILFRID BLUNT was rolled upon the ground, and as a consequence of which he is now undergoing a term of imprisonment. We do not know whether these are the sort of incidents which, in Mr. PARNEll's words, have "done wonders, worked miracles, changed the nature of the people," because they are the only noticeable instances of the active display of that "English sympathy" to which Mr. PARNEll ascribes such marvellous effects. Perhaps he will say that this sympathy was silently operative, and that the consciousness of its existence made the Irish people more amenable to the restraining counsels of their own countrymen. Let us see, then, what sort of restraint these counsels were themselves calculated to impose. As regards crimes of violence the leading Parnellites could no doubt quote a sufficiency (though at the present moment we can recall none) of those eminently conventional recommendations to abstain from crime which they are accustomed from time to time to address to their countrymen. But they have shown themselves throughout the winter as determined as ever in their support of that system of terrorism of which the sanction is crime, and they have some of them taken active and open part in holding up to public execration those victims of the boycotter who have shortly afterwards become the victims of the assassin. As Mr. HARRINGTON, however, and others dispute their responsibility for the latest of these

outrages—and that although the Secretary of that branch of the National League in the district in which FITZMAURICE was murdered is at this moment collecting funds for the defence of the men pointed out by FITZMAURICE's daughter as the murderers—we will leave crimes of violence out of the account. But how stands the case as regards the boycotting tyranny itself—that tyranny the collapse of which is justly regarded by Mr. BALFOUR as the most gratifying of all proofs of the improvement of the situation in Ireland? Can it be pretended, even by Mr. PARNELL himself, that if and to the extent to which boycotting has diminished that result is or can be due to anything except the firm administration of the Crimes Act? Even he cannot and does not pretend that any change which has taken place in this respect is due either to the good advice of his followers or the sympathy of his English allies. It is because he cannot pretend this that he is driven to deny the fact of any diminution of boycotting. He knows that Mr. GLADSTONE has extenuated, and still extenuates, the moral and social guilt of those "coercive conspiracies" by describing them under the euphemism of "exclusive dealing," and absurdly comparing their organized attack on private liberty with the harsh or oppressive action of individuals. He knows that no single Englishman, from Mr. GLADSTONE downwards, has ever allowed compassion for the victims of the boycotter to mingle with the new-born "sympathy" which he is displaying towards Ireland, or has ever addressed a word of remonstrance to the persecutors. Lastly, Mr. PARNELL knows well that, so far from discouraging boycotting, his followers have strained every nerve to strengthen what they justly perceive to be their sole remaining weapon of power; that it is not many months since Mr. DILLON threatened that the man who brought himself under the ban of the League would be pursued by their tyranny even across the Atlantic; and that it is not many weeks since MICHAEL DAVIDT exhorted an audience to treat such a man as a "social leper." Actively or passively, in fact, the whole Separatist party, Parnellites and Gladstonians, have supported the boycotter by every means in their power; and since the boycotter is losing ground every day, it is for them to explain his defeat, if they can, by any other cause than the administration of the Crimes Act.

The controversy was again taken up on Thursday night by Mr. MORLEY, under the renewed right of audience given him by the introduction of Mr. PARNELL's motion of amendment; but Mr. MORLEY did not succeed in strengthening his weak point to any noticeable extent. His only new argument, indeed, was one borrowed from the Irish benches, to the effect that the apparent reduction of boycotting is due to the fact that large numbers of formerly boycotted persons have now made their peace with the League. Mr. MORLEY's memory must indeed be short, or he would remember that, when the Crimes Act was under discussion, it was vehemently protested from the same quarter that the statistics of boycotted persons must be false because nearly the whole of the population of Ireland were in sympathy with the League already. "What you confound with intimidation and pressure," Mr. MORLEY went on to say, "is, in fact, public opinion." Perhaps the late Chief Secretary may be able to recall a time when, in reply to certain questions from the Opposition, he admitted that the "state of feeling in Woodford was bad," or "rather bad," or described it by some other totally inadequate expression. Well, Mr. J. M. LEWIS, an Irish agent and Justice of the Peace, and a witness for the defence in Mr. BLUNT's action, has just described this state of feeling as displayed in March 1886. Here are some of his words:—"A man named FINLAY had just been murdered. A crowd was assembled "round the widow of the murdered man jeering at her. "The murder took place in a wood three or four hundred yards from the town. Witness saw FINLAY's body. A ball had gone through his mouth. The jeering at the widow took place half an hour after the murder." Let Mr. MORLEY read the further evidence of District-Inspector MURPHY as to the twenty-three families, consisting of ninety-two persons, boycotted at that time, and as to the details of the boycottings given by other witnesses; and let him consider whether the statement we have above quoted does not need revision. If the state of things described by these witnesses is a mere manifestation of "public opinion," as distinct from "intimidation and pressure," then we can only say that Mr. ELLIS's threat of proscription against the Irish Resident Magistrates must have been merely a mild and legitimate reminder to them to be careful in the discharge of their magisterial duties.

#### A PUBLISHER'S CONFESSIONS.

WHAT a Publisher's Confessions are really like is known only to his director, especially when he is a Limited Liability Company. What the author who writes as JOHN STRANGE WINTER thinks a Publisher's Confessions might be he has told the world in a shilling volume (F. V. WHITE & CO.). We confess that we have been rather disappointed than shocked. There is nothing revealed about "the trade" which has not been proclaimed by many authors on the house-top. The book is like books on the Eleusinian Mysteries—it tells you nothing that you are not familiar with as matter of report.

The confessing publisher has risen from poverty to eminence in his business. If he has behaved ungenerously to his partner's daughter, that is a vice inherent in a mean character; and probably nobody will assert either that all publishers are mean or that all other men in business are generous. The special crimes revealed by this publisher are that, when he promised to publish a book at cost price, he really charged "full retail prices," and that he saddled an author with certain expenses for advertising, which he never paid in money, but swopped with other proprietors of magazines. For these practices he quotes "the custom of 'the trade'; and, if it be the custom of the trade to lie and cheat, so much the worse for them. But it is probable, or rather certain, that the evil custom is only practised by evil persons, and that we might as well call every author a plagiarist as every publisher a knave. However, this particular publisher is guilty of one particular and to the last degree improbable robbery wherein he cannot plead custom by way of excuse. A rich and pretty girl brings him a novel in manuscript, and pays 16*l.* towards expenses. There are publishers who do this kind of thing and publishers who don't. The authors who deal on these terms with publishers remind one of the proverb which, as the negro said to his master, "ends 'are soon parted,' I dis-remember how it begins." The confessing publisher sees that the novel is ungrammatical trash. He makes a hack author rewrite it for 2*5l.*, publishes it, and it has a great success. The lady author never sees the proofs, and does not know that the story is not her own till it is published. She then accepts the situation, and the son of the publisher. The hack who really wrote the book now "puts a screw" on the publisher, and a variety of complications follow. By the way, this fellow is supposed to be an Oxford man. The style of his talk is the style of the gutter, and his conduct is little better than his style. Can any one, however, inventer an author, consider this intrigue of the money, and the manuscript, and the fair author who is not the author, a probable or even plausible account of what publishers are in the habit of doing and suffering? Mr. WINTER has written a great many books, which have a deserved popularity. Perhaps in none has he allowed more license to his imagination. But, when a critic says this, he is invariably met with the reply that "the story is true." This usually means that it was suggested by something which the author heard from somebody in conversation. Even granting that the story is true, is it typical? Could such a very soft-hearted rogue as the publisher, and one who knows his SHAKSPEARE so well, be a common kind of character? Are there many authors who will pay ridiculously large sums for the publication of books which they have not written, and will they put their names to them without even seeing the proof-sheets? If there are such persons, they will assuredly be fleeced, by one person or another, while the world stands.

There was once a not unpopular author whose good sense (except in certain transactions) was pretty generally acknowledged. His biography was written by the late Mr. LOCKHART, and Mr. GLADSTONE has regretted that the book "never had a really wide circulation." On the subject of publishers and their profits Sir WALTER SCOTT said (August 1807):—"Without any greater degree of *fourberie* than they conceive the long practice of their brethren has rendered matter of prescriptive right, they contrive to 'clip the author's proportion of profits down to a mere trifle.' SCOTT's notion of what an author's profits should 'fairly' be was twopence on the shilling in the published price. We have been informed that this is a very common rate in the trade of to-day, though we do not care to say how much the owners of the railway-stalls pay the publishers for the books which they sell at a shilling apiece. If this information be correct, the modern publisher must have somewhat deserted the 'prescriptive right' spoken of

by Sir WALTER. Talking of his own time, he adds:—“I do not quite blame the booksellers when I consider the very singular nature of their *mystery*. . . . ‘They are the only tradesmen in the world who professedly, and by choice, deal in what is called ‘a pig in a poke.’ When you consider the abominable trash which by their ignorance is published every year, ‘you will readily excuse them for the indemnifications which they must necessarily obtain at the expense of authors of some value. . . . I apprehend that upon the whole the account between the *trade* and the authors of Great Britain is pretty fairly balanced. . . . I do not know but this, upon the whole, is favourable to the cause of literature.’” But “this, all this, was in the olden time long ago.” As in all other professions, there are honourable men and men not so honourable in the art of publishing. The former are not hard to discover, and if they will have nothing to do with an author’s work, that author may be pretty sure that his work is not worth printing. If he then declines on other people, he should not be surprised at the treatment they give him, any more than he should be surprised if he litigates by the conduct of Messrs. DODSON & FOGG.

#### OUR COMMERCIAL POSITION.

WITHIN the last ten days two different and equally competent authorities have spoken on the commercial position of this country. Apart altogether from the intrinsic interest of what they have to say their statements are valuable at present. It is tolerably certain that an attempt will be made by the Fair-traders to employ some part of the Session in seeking after a remedy for the alleged progressive ruin of this country by foreign competition. The subject is excellently fitted to afford an excuse for much waste of time in talk, and nothing could serve better to ward off that evil than a general conviction that there is no such ruin going on. The two authorities are the Chamber of Shipping and the Board of Trade, and they agree thoroughly on this point. If the Board of Trade is suspect to the prophets of evil as being enslaved to the orthodox economist, the Chamber of Shipping is quite free from reproach. It is not a Government office, but a voluntary and representative association. If it says that things are going well, it must be because the members feel the influence of prosperity on their bankers’ accounts. And if shipping is flourishing, so must business generally, for they are bound up together. A cheerful report from the shipping interest is particularly valuable, because no branch of industry has suffered more severely from the long depression of late years. If, then, it has gone on increasing in bulk, and is now preparing for a further extension, there would seem to be no excuse for croaking. To judge from the Report of Mr. THOMAS SCRUTTON, which was apparently approved of by the members of the Chamber who are competent judges, the progress of our shipping has been extraordinary even in these last ten lean years. Since 1876 we have increased our shipping, not only absolutely but relatively. Ten years ago the number of voyages made by our ships “in the carrying trade of the ‘kingdom’” was 578,016. Against this the foreigners made 66,813. In 1886 the figures were respectively 606,106 and 49,688. The increase in tonnage has corresponded to the increase in voyages made. In 1876 the foreigners had 19,232,400 tons to our 98,015,567. Last year the proportion was 18,575,820 foreigners to 125,691,294 British. It therefore follows that we have increased while our rivals have gone back. In the face of such figures as these, reported by an authority which is above suspicion, the talk about the driving of English ships off our own trade by foreign competition, which was so common about the time of the new postal arrangements on the American line, looks foolish indeed.

On the supposition, which we suppose no one will care to contradict, that shipping can hardly flourish during a general decline of commerce, this report of Mr. SCRUTTON’s gives further authority to Mr. GIFFEN’s account of the actual extent of foreign competition with English trade published by the Board of Trade. His Report is sure to receive not a little hostile criticism, for, compared with the pictures familiar in the prophecies of the Fair-traders, it is decidedly optimistic. Mr. GIFFEN is not able to show that nobody except the Englishman is doing any trade in the world, which is the only state of things

the Fair-trader seems to think really satisfactory; but he does produce reasons for believing that in the general increase of the commerce of the world this country has a very fair share. There are several parts of his Report which would stand being given in greater detail. It would be interesting, for instance, to learn why the trade of this country with Japan has fallen off, while the French has increased. From one set of figures which he has to give Mr. GIFFEN must have felt strongly tempted to draw a moral. They give the sums total of the trade of France. In spite of increase here and there it has decreased, and notably in the exports. While the trade of the other great nations with which Mr. GIFFEN deals has been on the increase, the French has on the whole fallen. It is matter for the reflection of Fair-traders that this shrinkage has coincided with a revival of Protectionist policy; or if they do not like the word Protectionist, then with a return to the practice of imposing penal duties. If Mr. GIFFEN is bound to confine himself to stating the facts, his French colleague, M. LEROY BEAULIEU, has amply spared him the trouble of drawing their moral. The limits imposed on him by the Board of Trade have confined Mr. GIFFEN to the main facts of the situation, and very rightly debar him from anything approaching to controversy in an official document. But he says quite enough for readers who can put the argument in for themselves. A general review of the export trade of the United Kingdom, Germany, France, and the United States, with a good list of countries given in one of the tables, shows that, if two of them have increased, so have we. In French trade there is a fall off of 909,000. Germany and the United States have increased; but the additions of their trade put together just exceed the augmentation to our own. The figures are 39,134,000 for us and 39,723,000 for the other two. The sum total is made up by setting gains against losses. In China and Japan, for instance, our trade has gone back, which is sufficiently accounted for as regards the first of these countries by the impoverishment caused by the Tonquin business. On the other hand, business has immensely increased with British possessions. Taken altogether, the statistics of this Report prove that our trade with any given country is always either the best or the second best. Germany excels us in the Baltic, where it has Russia and the Scandinavian States for immediate neighbours. France does a larger trade with Belgium, Italy, and Spain, which are just over the border. Where the conditions are equal the United Kingdom has the advantage. We do an incomparably greater Baltic trade than France, and we greatly surpass the Germans in the Mediterranean. The competition of Germany has been the bugbear of alarmists for some years, and there is no doubt that the trade of the Empire has been increasing steadily of late. It is not at all surprising that a country inhabited by millions of hard-working people should do a great deal of business when it was released from the trammels imposed by internal division. It does not, however, follow that the prosperity of our neighbour must necessarily be our loss. The old belief that one man’s gain is another man’s loss in international trade dies hard; and many who have heard that Germany was doing more business have quite naturally jumped to the conclusion that room was found for it by elbowing out English trade. That the returns of the Board of Trade will convince them of the contrary it would be rash to assert; but they certainly afford proof that even in these late bad years our commerce has on the whole increased, and that our prosperity has kept abreast, and even ahead, of the prosperity of our neighbours. If the increase of German trade looks more striking, it is because it started from a much lower level.

Though both these statements, Mr. SCRUTTON’s and Mr. GIFFEN’s, are decidedly hopeful, they show that changes are going on in our commerce. Whether they are ultimately to be for the worse or not is a pretty matter of controversy. Perhaps the safest remark to make on the matter is that changes will do the least harm to people who meet them with their brains. Mr. GIFFEN gives it as his opinion that England is less an emporium than it was. The loss of our position as the great bonded warehouse of the world would doubtless be a misfortune, but to a very considerable extent it is inevitable. The opening of the Suez Canal, which was expressly made to be a nuisance to this country, the development of steam navigation, and increase of direct communication between all the countries of the globe must necessarily tend to make England less the common exchange of the world. The character of our shipping is being altogether altered by steam. The Chamber of Shipping is well enough pleased at the change, which means more

voyages, quicker profits, and, according to the popular view, greater security for the lives of crews and passengers. For these reasons Mr. SCRUTON is inclined to be almost jubilant over the steady diminution in the proportion of sailing-ships built to steamers. It is not improbable that this revolution may in time be found unwelcome, for other than sentimental reasons. Shipowners may before long find themselves less able to secure men competent to navigate their costly steamers, which have hitherto been officered by men who have been made into seamen on the sailing-ships. But the change cannot be stopped, and must be met. Alterations in the course of trade and the nature of shipping have taken place, and will go on. We must adapt ourselves to them; and men of business have to remember that a power must be retained by the arts which gained it. Among the arts by which we gained our commercial position sitting down and crying for unattainable circumstances was not one. Our very different practice was to make the best of what there was to deal with. It does not appear from what the Chamber of Shipping and the Board of Trade have to say that we have as yet been found wanting.

#### KENSINGTON GARDENS.

THERE is unwonted activity in Kensington Gardens just now. A new entrance in the Bayswater Road, new paths, new trees, and the addition of a small slip of land, formerly a walled-in plot of garden, must be numbered among the proofs of energy shown by the authorities. Among the improvements now in progress, the most important is the drainage of the lower boggy ground near Palace Gate—a most necessary measure advocated in our comments on the tree-felling carried out last autumn. The extensive tract now being drained proves to be even worse than was at first surmised. It is a swamp of the most unwholesome kind, sufficient in itself to account for the decay of the neighbouring belt of trees, apart from the ignorance of forestry displayed in planting those trees. In spite of more than twelve months of unprecedented drought the cuttings made for the drain-pipes flow with water as soon as cut, although much of the soil is an impervious yellow clay. Being near the surface this clay prevents the rainfall to a great extent reaching the subsoil, and renders the ground oozy and damp even in the height of summer. Though marsh lights and fire-drakes may not sport their thin blue flames by night, any observant person must have noted that the winter fogs are densest here, and misty exhalations prevail on summer evenings. As this open space has long been the favourite playing-ground of the children of the neighbourhood, its drainage was imperative merely for sanitary reasons. There is fortunately a good fall towards the lower end of the Broad Walk; and the work, if thoroughly completed, ought to be very beneficial. It is a pity, however, that deep trenching was not carried out when draining and planting were undertaken. There is not much to be said for the policy of planting before the dead or dying trees already marked for removal disappear. As to the planting, so far as it may be seen, it is of the old regulation type. There are a number of young trees planted, all of one species—the lime—planted at regular intervals, after one pattern, like peas in a pod. The old rule of landscape-gardening was to open out views. We reverse the process, till the trees are not to be seen for the wood. We plant trees with reckless profusion; any trees, anywhere, and anyhow. The old method inclined to making vistas and the noble art of perspective. REPTON and his disciples delighted in clearing, and often cleared too much by their amazing transformations. Without doubt, errors may abound on both sides.

The maligned art of landscape-gardening has suffered revolution in the matter of planting. When the gentle elegiacal SHENSTONE settled in his sequestered vale he was so enclosed by woods he could scarcely have seen those hills "white over with sheep" of which he sang. His adorned farm at Leasowes, with its zig-zag walks, votive urns, statues, fountains, and grottoes was full of vain attempts to force the hand of nature. His tortuous Lover's Walk ended, oddly enough, in a Temple of Pan, not in a draughty cavern of sighs or a fane dedicated to Hymen. So does the wayfarer from Lancaster Gate to Palace Gate find a fair and promising garden end in a swamp. Yet we are spared most of the artifices which GILPIN found so futile and irritating. We see nothing nowadays like the poet's inscribed tablets inviting naiads to sport in crystal pools,

or dip their feet in purling rills, where there was nothing but stagnant water for their disporting. At Hagley, too, where another poet essayed the topiarian art, the father of picturesque tourists could find nothing but "minute and trifling" views, and thought the famous Palladian bridge and much-sung waterway altogether "beneath criticism." His strictures, however, are not to be taken too literally. As he said to MASON, "We 'picturesque people are a little misunderstood'; and so it may have been with the ingenious PAYNE KNIGHT and the complacent REPTON. The student of REPTON's treatise, if he compares the woodcuts that display the natural landscape with the transformation effected by the overlapping sectional cuts, will almost invariably prefer the former to the triumphs of REPTON. There is much to be said for the ancient garden state. It should at least be reverently treated, if treated at all; and this, it is only fair to add, has been the fortune of Kensington Gardens. Mr. MILESTONE, a typical landscape-gardener suggested by PAYNE KNIGHT's book on Taste, is made to give unconscious illustration of the truth. He depicts Littlebrain Castle unimproved by the hand of taste, embowered in trees, with its Gothic casements, and its turret with an owl peeping from the ivy—"And devilish 'wise he looks," says Squire HEADLONG. "And here," rejoins Mr. MILESTONE, "is the new house, without a tree 'near it, standing in the midst of an undulating lawn; a 'white, polished, angular building, reflected to a nicety in 'this waveless lake; and there you see Lord LITTLEBRAIN 'looking out of the window.' " And devilish wise he looks, "too," says Squire HEADLONG. What is wanted in Kensington Gardens is to avoid both extremes in clearing and in planting. The monotonous crowd of decapitated trees by the upper edge of the forlorn swamp ought to be rigorously thinned, and there should be prompt removal of the more afflicted limes, whose gaunt dead tops rise high above their healthier neighbours. This ragged regiment, with its scaffold-pole extremities, is not without a picturesque aspect. It recalls the "one instance of sublimity" which COLERIDGE found in DRASTON:—

Our trees so hacked above the ground,  
That where their lofty tops the neighbouring countries crown'd,  
Their trunks (like aged folks) now bare and naked stand,  
As for revenge to heav'n each held a withered hand.

But gardens should flourish and be green and beautiful. These stricken trees are dangerous and should go.

#### THE LEWIS.

THE report of Sheriff FRASER and Mr. MALCOLM MCNEILL on the state of the Lewis is about the most melancholy reading which has been published for some time. It is the history of the production of squalid and hopeless pauperism by well-meant philanthropy and flukes of good luck. Nobody need indulge in what Sir WALTER would have called big bow-wow, or in bullying moral rebuke to the people of the Lewis, and that for various reasons. It will lead to nothing, for one thing; and for another, it is more than a little unjust. The history of the island given by the Sheriff and his colleague shows that the islanders have suffered, on a large scale, from a misfortune which has often proved the ruin of individuals. They have inherited too many casual small legacies. Twice within the last century the starvation of the whole population has been predicted, and on both occasions the prophets have been discredited by the sudden development of industries. First came the kelp; and, when that was ruined by science (which is always upsetting something), then it was the herring-fishery. Each of these things enabled a still larger population to live in what, according to its notions, was greater comfort. Sir J. MATHESON, who spent a great fortune, made elsewhere, lavishly in the Lewis, was another version of the kelp and the herring-fishery. Now all these sources of profit have stopped. The kelp is gone long ago; Sir JAMES is dead, and his money spent to as good as no purpose; the herring-fishery is no longer a resource. The cadgers have taken to paying the fishermen by percentages. This system, which is praised by some as fair, practically means that the workman who has no capital must share the risks of the capitalist. Under recent pressure it has spelt starvation to the people of Lewis. Not much importance need be attached to the account Dr. ROPER, of the *Jackal*, gives of their dirtiness. They are not much, if at all, dirtier than the whole peasantry of Scotland were at a very distant period. Edinburgh itself was not exactly a

model of cleanliness when WINIFRED JENKINS went on her travels, and the MUCKLEBACKITS would have been happy enough in the surroundings of a Lewis cottar. Yet the people of the East of Scotland are now a model to their countrymen of the West. Dirty as their houses are, they have not prevented the race from growing strong and healthy, on Dr. ROPER's own showing; and what can any condition do for men more than allow them to be strong and healthy? The Doctor saw them loafing about with their hands in their pockets, but he might have seen English fishermen doing that at Whitby or Brixham. Nobody ever saw a fisherman doing anything else on shore. It is not said that the Lewis men are especially lazy when they go over to the mainland. If they do no work at home, one reason may be that they have no work to do.

An advocate of the cottars and crofters might on the whole make out a fair case for the class. The kelp was not their fault, nor the herring fishery, nor Sir J. MATHESON. More than that, they are not exclusively to blame if they are asking for useless, and even immoral, palliatives to their distress. Distinguished statesmen who have pandered to Irish anarchy, and British voters who have supported them, may bear their share of the stripes. Therefore the less bullying talk there is to the people of the Lewis for becoming numerous under every incentive to increase, the better it will be for the manners of all concerned. Then the less lying there is, the better it will be for our morals. It is sufficiently obvious, as the Sheriff points out, that, unless another kelp-collecting industry or another development of the herring fishery takes place, starvation will come upon the island. The rates cannot support the paupers thrown on them already. If the number of paupers is increased, there will be total bankruptcy and consequent famine. With this prospect before us, it is absolutely necessary, on every consideration of honour and interest, that some measure of prevention should be taken. The nature of the situation points out what the measures must be. They must not be anything which will tend to perpetuate the present misery. There is nothing which will do except a large measure of emigration. If this can be brought about by a spontaneous movement among the people themselves, so much the better. If not, then it must be produced by sufficient pressure—by steadily refusing to pass any more Crofters' Bills to perpetuate starvation, and by offering aid to the emigrants. It is clear that the State will very briefly have to choose between helping these people to go elsewhere or supporting them as paupers where they are. There can be no doubt which of the two is the more extravagant course. To leave the difficulty to settle itself is the one thing not possible. In other and perhaps happier times death by hunger and piracy would have afforded the necessary relief; but these rude old methods are no longer practicable. Law and sentiment alike forbid them. Therefore it follows that without more force than is strictly necessary, and under good, steady governance, the superfluous population of the Lewis must be helped to go where it may be a credit to the Empire, and can at least live a decent existence. Otherwise we may lay our account with having another Connemara on the West of Scotland, and we shall very briefly discover whether it is either cheap or convenient.

#### THE VICTIMS OF THE CRIMES ACT.

WE shall be excused, we hope, for not finding any transcendent importance in the dispute as to the numbers and character of the crowd by which the late Lord Mayor of Dublin was received at Euston Station, and subsequently preceded, accompanied, and followed to Hyde Park. On the question of numbers the controversy is of the idlest description. Almost any incident of the most trivial description taking place at a crowded part of London will collect a concourse of people at the rate of about a hundred a minute; and any ceremony even pretending to be of a political or otherwise public character, and of which due notice has been given beforehand, will assemble several thousand people betimes on the spot with a view to securing a good place for a view of the entertainment. When these thousands mount up to five or six, as they speedily do if the function takes any time, they reach the limit at which any trustworthy estimate of their numbers can, except by virtue of special and exceptional facilities for enumeration, be attained. If the crowd increases beyond this point, it may be estimated at anything from ten to forty thousand,

according to the taste and fancy of the calculator. Now there are, we are informed, a certain number of Irishmen resident in London, and it is further a matter of general belief that among the metropolitan population there is an appreciable percentage of persons in want of employment. Out of these two classes—even allowing for the fact that they may to a certain extent overlap each other—there would be no difficulty whatever in getting together a sufficient assemblage of people at the reception of Mr. T. D. SULLIVAN to satisfy any reasonable expectations on their part. As to the character of the crowd, that is a matter on which it is much easier to form a tolerably safe opinion. No doubt it did not consist exclusively of the "dirty, ill-favoured, and dissolute-looking boys" which it seemed to the perhaps jaundiced eye of a gentleman who admits that it lost him his train to be composed of. But when we are asked to believe that, even on a Monday—day of idleness as it often is for those who are exclusively known as the "sons of toil"—it would be possible to assemble many thousands of the "best type of English working-man" to greet the released Irish prisoners, we respectfully decline. We have very little doubt that the processionists in the street and the audience in Hyde Park last Monday had just about as much or as little claim to represent the best type of English working-man as the guests assembled at the Criterion had to represent the best type of English politician.

The whole question, however, would be of vastly little importance but for one consideration, which is this. The late occasion was the first which has presented itself for testing in the broad popular-demonstrationist fashion the general feeling of the outdoor English public about the victims of the Crimes Act. For a long time past we have been condemned to listen to the loud-mouthed protestations of the Gladstonian on the subject of "coercion," and the resentment with which it is inspiring the English people. Now there is not, of course, and never has been, the slightest reason for supposing that so far as the effective portion, so to speak, of the English public, the general body of the electorate, is concerned, there is any foundation whatever for these noisy boasts; but it is not unimportant to have had it also proved that, even among the least thoughtful and most impressionable portion of the English people, the rubbish about oppression and torture—such rubbish, for instance, as was "shot" in so remarkable a profusion by Mr. O'BRIEN on Thursday night—will in nowise "go down." Had any appreciable portion of the class of people who form the ordinary street crowds been taken in by it, they would certainly have assembled in strength last Monday afternoon, if only for the excitement of gazing at the victims. But the spectacular fiasco of the Euston reception, and the subsequent meeting in Hyde Park, has sufficiently shown that no body of English sympathizers worth mentioning could be got together for the purpose of the demonstration, and that its organizers, therefore, had to rely upon the ordinary masses of sightseers who can be got together for any cause, however trivial, in this largest city of the world. A few thousand Irishmen answered to the "whip," and, for the rest, the would-be manufacturers of a sensation had to content themselves with the same materials as are at the disposal of every troupe of street jugglers or every proprietor of a Punch and Judy show. The great majority of the citizens of London, even of the humblest class, are so far from sympathizing with the "victims of the Crimes Act," that they are not even interested in their personalities or histories, and are probably even unacquainted with their names.

#### THE CAMEL.

"L'ESTOMAC de M. de Cussy n'a jamais bronché"; which we choose to render—the Marquis de Cussy's camel never met with its last straw. It is a famous apologue and an applicable. De Cussy was a notable man enough in his day. It was he who was escorting the Empress Marie Louise back to Vienna when at Parma he heard of Napoleon's escape from Elba. Planting her there, he retraced his steps immediately and found his master back at the Tuilleries, where he himself was an excellent prefect of the palace; but, the Hundred Days once over, De Cussy found himself suddenly a pauper, having always managed to combine indifference to his own interests with lavishness to others. This and his charms of manner made him popular, and he possessed that first talent of a born conversationist—a lending ear. But he was a born gourmet, too, and fully acted up to Colnet's line:—

Quand on donne à dîner, on a toujours raison

Great cooks struggled for his kitchen and stayed with him seven years. He gave a dinner once a week, never to more than eleven guests, and it lasted two hours. He cites with approval in his *Art Culinaire* one of the stories about that very unpleasant person Diogenes who, seeing a child eating too fast, fetched the boy's tutor a rousing cuff. De Cussy's own rigid rule was to eat moderately and to sip his liquors; and he preached putting down the knife and fork while still hungry, and then taking several glasses of an old wine, munching crisp breadcrust the while. Perhaps these were some of the reasons why the camel never refused, and, explain his "easily digesting a whole red-legged partridge" on the very day of his death, at the age of seventy-four. Many a well-advised man nowadays would as soon eat Tom Jones's Partridge body and bones; and there have been what a vain world calls nobler deaths, to be sure, and different illustrations of Hamlet's grave dictum that "the readiness is all"; still we need not be too exclusive. This particular gourmet had the smooth-skinned, pink complexion of many an old-fashioned London merchant—in the daytime, that is; but a clever caricature of him by Dantan, which displays the bust of a heavily-chopped, bloated, old gormandizer, with a great Yorkshire pie for pedestal, must also have been but too near the truth, perhaps after dinner; for one of his sayings to Brillat-Savarin, who would have mirrors in his dining-room, was that a man should only look in the glass fasting. After this it would be of no use at all his telling us that he could take up his pen immediately after dinner in full repossession of his ideas, if we did not know from his sorry writings that he could not tack two ideas together, and that, whatever his practice was, his theories about cookery were not worth the charcoal for testing them.

His contemporary, Brillat-Savarin, to cite another of Colnet's lines, "mangeait en glouton et pensait sobrement." It must be a terrible blow to many a young enthusiast, light-heartedly entering his camel for a gourmet's career, when he first discovers that the reputation of Brillat-Savarin is all legend. He was a monstrous eater, and that is all. He kept no table, was a tall, heavy, vulgar sort of man, who went about in old clothes, and was well known as the drum-major of the Court of Appeal. He spoke little, and that little was curt and stupid. Like the parrot, he thought the more, and his posthumous masterpiece astonished none so much as his most intimate friends. Carême's secretary, who had opportunities of knowing, and De Cussy also, say that he gobbled without selection, spoke heavily, when he did speak at table, without any "look" in his eyes, and became absorbed—a nice euphemistic phrase—at the end of a meal. The *Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde* agrees that he was "thick," and a gourmand without any measure; making one of the nice distinctions between the gourmet (like De Cussy) who is hospitable, and the gourmand (like Brillat-Savarin) who is not. Carême wrote of him, that he never learned how to eat, which is extra hard upon him, for one of his aphorisms is, "L'homme mange; l'homme d'esprit sait manger." He liked coarse and vulgar meats, goes on Carême, and literally filled his camel merely, "I have seen him sleep after dinner!" Dr. Joseph Roques, a great gourmet of the day, gives him the finishing stroke. He was very fond of immense meat-pies, solid as a collared head. "They are exquisite," said he one day to the doctor, "you can eat as much as ever you like; and, if you do get a fit of indigestion, why five or six dozen of oysters will allay it. I never take any other remedy myself, and leave tea to weak constitutions." He died at the age of seventy-one, of a chill in the feet, caught at Louis XVIII.'s funeral.

Grimod de la Reynière came of a banking family, and no one had a bad word to say against either his palate or his camel. An accident in early childhood deprived him of both hands, which he replaced by many ingenious contrivances; and he even became a dandy in his youth, frequented the leaders of the *Français*, and visited Voltaire. He was muscularly strong, and had a strong constitution; eventually developed, let us say, a hump on his camel, and lived to be eighty. "For most people," wrote he in one of his Axioms, "a camel equal to any and every strain is the first requisite for happiness"; and, again, "The great thing is to eat hot, cleanly, long, and much"; and Victor Hugo might have said, "Roasting is at the same time Nothing and Immensity!" He was a charming talker in his best years, but latterly, wrote De Cussy, he got to be commonplace and garrulous about everything. The same Dr. Roques, exclaiming *quantum mutatus*, said in a sketch of Grimod's old age that

he rang for his servants at nine in the morning, shouting and scolding until he got his vermicelli soup. Soon after he became more tranquil, and began to talk gaily; finally becoming silent, and going to sleep again for some hours. At his waking the complaints began over again; he would fly into rages, groan, weep, and wish he was dead. But, dinner-time come, he ate of every dish, all the time declaring that he would have nothing, for his end was nigh. At dessert his face began to show some animation, his eyebrows lifted, and some light showed from the eyes, deep sunk in their sockets. "How is De Cussy? Will he live long?" he would ask; "they say he has a fatal ailment. They haven't put him on diet yet, have they? The rains were heavy; we'll have lots of mushrooms in the autumn. The vines are splendid; you must come for the vintage"; and so on, always about gluttony. Then he would grow gradually silent in his great armchair, and the eyes would close. At ten they came for him—he could no longer walk—and put him to bed.

And this was the youngster who, at the age of twenty, was caught by his own father sitting down, lone as the ace of spades, to seven roast turkeys, merely for their "oysters," their "sot-l'y-laisse," as the French say.

"The sole depository of the entire tradition of the State," Talleyrand, even at the age of eighty, ate but one square meal in the day, his dinner; and every morning he required the menu of it from his chef. He would rise at ten, dressing himself even after the hands had got rebellious; and half an hour later would have an egg, a fruit, or a slice of bread-and-butter, a glass of water with a dash of Madeira in it, or perhaps only two or three cups of camomile tea, before beginning "work." No coffee, no chocolate, and "China" tea very rarely. He dined at eight in Paris, at five in the country, well and with appetite; taking soup, fish, and a meat entrée, which was almost always of knuckle of veal, braised mutton cutlets, or a fowl. He would sometimes have a slice off a joint; and he liked eggs and custards, but rarely touched dessert. He always drank a first-rate claret, in which he would put a very little water; a glass of sherry he did not despise, and after dinner a petit-verre of old Malaga. In the drawing-room he would himself fill up a large cup with lumps of sugar, and then the maître d'hôtel—Carême, no less—would add the coffee. Then came forty winks; and afterwards he would play whist for high stakes. His senile eyelids were so swollen that it was a vast effort to open them to any width, and so he often let them close, and "slept" in company that bored him. He still continued to call up a secretary at night, and dictate to him through the closed bed-curtains.

"The eaters of my time," wrote Carême in 1832, "were the Prince de Talleyrand, Murat, Junot, Fontanes, the Emperor Alexander, George IV., and the Marquis de Cussy. Men who know how to eat are as rare as great cooks. Look at the great musicians and physicians," he goes on, with enthusiasm, "they are all gastronomers; witness Rossini and Boieldieu, Broussais and Joseph Roques." The last-named backed this up in his treatise on Edible Mushrooms, maintaining that doctors who make a name—Corvisart, Broussais, and half a dozen others—are epicures for their patients' sake as well as their own. They can get a convalescent to eat when nobody else can; a fact which explains their success. Modern London, too, we are proud to say, can boast its successful medical gourmets. De Cussy—it is vain to expect an authority from him—said that Leonardo da Vinci, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, Baccio Bandinelli, Guido, and Raphael, were all noted gourmands; a fact which has not yet perhaps had its weight in estimating the naïve abstinence of the pre-Raphaelites, who might even have been vegetarians almost to a man, to judge from the type of their landscape-gardening. None of the foregoing great men had the beatitude of dying at table like some of the smaller fry. Dr. Gastaldy, a man with a wit and a palate so often met with in the *Almanach des Gourmands*, died with a champagne-glass in his hand and a joke in his mouth. Grimod de la Reynière's great-grandfather's death was exactly alike—in a fit of laughter, his lips still wet with Ay. Here is a fact for Mr. Galton; financial instincts, too, were hereditary in this family of farmers-general of the revenue.

Napoleon, as all the world knows, ate very plain food, and little of it, though always with hunger and rapidly. A little claret was all he drank; a single glass of Madeira would flush his whole countenance. He was neither an eater nor a judge of eating, wrote Carême, but he was grateful (was he?) to M. de Talleyrand for the style in which he lived. He differed widely from that poor Stanislas of Poland who fondly studied onion soup in the inn kitchen at Châlons. Napoleon had a strange theory about his bile. There is no personal defect that a man cannot get himself to be vain of, for one reason or another. "Don't you know," said he to the Comte de Ségur, "that every man that's worth anything is bilious? 'Tis the hidden fire. By the help of its excitement I see clear in difficult junctures. It wins me my battles!" Carême himself ate sparingly and drank nothing—a sort of Moses of the Promised Land by choice.

The skeleton Paganini was an appalling glutton, being only beaten in that by Cambacérès. Such men should be objects of pity alone, like the great Athenian chef Archestrates, who ate enormously and digested with extraordinary rapidity. It could not have been assimilation; for, according to Polybius, he looked as if the wind would blow him away, and one could almost see daylight through him. There is one dear old story that always comes up in talk about great eaters; it has been told of all sorts of guzzlers, from a City alderman to the Judge of Appeal at Avignon, under the *ancien régime*. "And then, sir, we topped up with a gorgeous turkey, a first-chop bird—never tasted a juicier—melt in the mouth—crammed with truffles to the eyes—bouquet is no word for it—left nothing but the bones." "How many were you?" "Two!" "What? only two?" "Yes. Two. Why not? The turkey and myself."

The woeful extravagance of the past in foraging for the camel often excites surprise amounting even to doubt. For example, when the Duc de Penthièvre went down to preside over the assembly of the States of Brittany, he was heralded by 152 kitchen-men; and the Prince de Conde's cook used up 120 pheasants a week. A dinner presided over once by De Cussy at the Rocher de Cancalé cost 42. a head; but, as old Magny told the writer of this, the year before he died, the moderns beat that record easily, for, with *carte blanche* orders, he had just given a meal to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris and seven guests, in George Sand's low little room, which came to 1,800 francs, or 4. a head. This went chiefly in primeurs, rarities, and Magny's wonderful wines—"quantity as well as quality," as he himself has said it. Who will say that the Princes of the Church are played out? Magny—may nothing lie heavy on his breast—was a grand

old host, intimately interested to the last in every least thing put before you. Like Terre,

Who'd come and smile before your table  
And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse;

his stout form would heave-to, as it were, and his round, strong, benevolent face would beam on you with a question or two, always to the point. And then, Pepper and Cheesecakes! to hear him row a cool for too much estragon in the tartare. Twelve months after he was gone his "gendre" had reduced the cookery to the greasy category.

Carême had 1,200*l.* a year from Alexander of Russia, and succeeded in disbursing for that potentate a total of 1,000*l.* a week. His accounts were as perfectly cooked as his dishes. "Economy," he wrote, with the lofty lunacy of genius, "is indispensable in our vocation; even the most exquisite and varied table must be logically restrained within exact limits." Economy must here be taken, a commentator might say, in the transcendental sense, as in "political economy," and such like phrases. Carême was proud of his mission—that was the word he chose—and of his literary talents. He kept a real secretary, and latterly turned in 20,000 francs a year by his cookery-books. He was nothing if not epigrammatic. When he was brought in contact with another eccentricity, Lady Morgan, at Baron Rothschild's, "she spoke to me of my works; I spoke to her of hers." He calmly mentions the King of England, his old master, by his Christian name. "I fully believe it, replied George, if Carême manages the table." There is a grandeur about these sayings which almost resembles death, in the levelling of all distinctions.

A gossip on cookery ought to end with something practical. To show we bear no malice towards the Vegetarians, let us take the Polack's onion soup, at which no "runaway's eyes need wink." Take some crisp, hot, pulled-bread, in small pieces; butter it with the freshest butter; then toast it again well. Fry your onions, cut into dice, in some of the same butter, stirring constantly until they are of a light brown. Then add the pulled-bread, still stirring continuously, until the onions are well browned. Now dash in, still stirring, a little boiling water, to free the onions from the pan; add what seasoning you like, and the necessary quantity of hot-water, and let the whole simmer for a quarter-of-an-hour. Serve it scalding hot, and don't be deluded into putting broth into it instead of water, or the result will be ruinous all round.

#### TOPSYTURVITIS.

SOME ingenious persons have invented, or at any rate improved upon the fact so as to imagine, a kind of mental disease, in which the sufferer does and says everything in exactly the contrary sense and direction to that which he intends. If, for instance, he wishes to say "Bless you, my children!" he requests his offspring to go to the infernal regions; if he sets out to step westwards, he finds that his feet, like the ship, when it so puzzled Mr. Lewis Carroll's Bellman, "will travel due east," and if he wishes to assure a lady that she is exquisitely handsome, he candidly informs her that she is as ugly as sin. There seems to have been a good deal of this singular plague about during the past week. Even Mr. Punch's young men have caught it in a very odd fashion. That they should have "hit in" with certain notorious throwers of dirt at the police is odd enough, and is probably an example of the plague; but there is a stranger. As everybody knows, a certain "G." has been making a hare of Cardinal Manning not less ruthlessly and much less amiably than Father Tom made a hare of a greater even than the Cardinal. Now, the contrary-witted devil has made Mr. Punch's young man, when he meant to represent the Cardinal transfixed by "G.'s" arrow, represent "G." transfixed by the Cardinal's, though as Heaven and St. Aristotle know there never was one in his Eminence's whole quiver that even scratched "G." This is strange, but still stranger, and in exactly the same kind, was the heading of a note in the *Daily News* on Wednesday morning. The excellent *Daily News* has indeed had a series of attacks, for after admitting (*D. N.* Feb. 7) that the Marriott arrangement if open to some objection is "financially good" it has asked (Feb. 17) "to whom the arrangement is satisfactory?" Why apparently to its financial self. But to the other case. This heading was "The End of a Myth," and it referred to the remarks which Sir Charles Russell had made the night before about Mr. Gladstone and Colonel Dopping. The writer, of course, intended to write the "Confirmation of a True Story," if tricksy sprites had not turned the nib of his pen where the feather should be. But they had not done with him, for in the body of the note much worse symptoms of topeyturritis (so the Scientific Man has named the disease) appear. First, it seems, Mr. Gladstone "inadvertently" made the original statement on the authority of Professor Stuart. What this means is, that Mr. Gladstone, with elaborate preparation and as an express illustration and example of his theory about evictions, accused Colonel Dopping of pointing a rifle at a child of tender years—a "boy in every sense of the term." Further, says the *Daily News*, "the alleged fact was of very little public importance," meaning, of course, as Mr. Gladstone meant, that if evictions were habitually conducted by agents who pointed loaded rifles at children, it would be a very serious matter indeed. "Having, however, ascertained that he had been partially misinformed, Mr. Gladstone, being an English gentleman, apologized, and expunged

the obnoxious passage from the printed report of his speech." Alas! that the foul fiend should play such tricks with an honest journalist who meant to write, and no doubt thought he did write, something like this—the fact. "Mr. Gladstone, appealed to by the person he had calumniated, returned an evasive and rude answer; but, finding on inquiry that there was not a word of truth in his own statement, being informed by his own legal advisers that his case was awkward, and receiving a second summons, this time from Colonel Dopping's solicitors, he withdrew the passage, and protested solemnly that he never attached to it the only meaning it could possibly bear." This was what the poor man meant to say, and lo! the other was what he did say. "It's like some dead horrid dream" one can fancy him exclaiming, if he pursues the perhaps unwise plan of reading his own articles.

And the beauty of the thing is, or rather the horrid skill of the powers of evil is so great, that not only did this hapless *Daily News* man write exactly the contrary of what he no doubt meant to write about the history of the Dopping case, but he could not even see, or rather, though of course he saw, he could not, being an enchanted and bedevilled *Daily News* man, write, what Sir Charles Russell himself said. For Sir Charles, though he says that Mr. Gladstone consulted him before Colonel Dopping's solicitors wrote, forgot, in the first place, to mention that Colonel Dopping himself had written, and received a petulant and not in the least apologetic letter from Mr. Gladstone; forgot, in the second, to explain why it was that Mr. Gladstone came to him, a lawyer, to ask him what was the duty of a gentleman who had wrongly accused another gentleman; and forgot, lastly, to mention why Mr. Gladstone, having received this, his own, very judicious advice and determined to act on it, waited till the inferior branch of the profession on the other side gave him a hint before carrying it out. Nor was this all. Sir Charles has the credit of being a clever advocate; but heaven preserve us from such advocacy as one part of his speech! For he admitted that he had himself pointed out to Mr. Gladstone that it really did not matter whether he had used the word "loaded" or not, and that "an inference might unquestionably be drawn from the context that the words conveyed the idea" that the gun was loaded. The phrase is rather circumlocutory; but if it in its turn "conveys any idea," it conveys this—"if you did not mean that Colonel Dopping threatened to shoot the boy, you meant nothing at all." Now, it will be remembered that this is exactly what the persons whom the *Daily News* calls Mr. Gladstone's low-minded adversaries said. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, declared that he had "another meaning," which he has never revealed, though he has been implored to do so, and which Sir Charles Russell by implication confesses to be an impossibility. Instead, therefore, of doing Mr. Gladstone any good, this little attempt at whitewashing by his counsel learned in the law leaves him just a little blacker than before. You don't go and consult a legal friend unless you have a shrewd suspicion that some legal trouble is coming on you, and when the legal friend tells you that, whether you used this particular word or not, the fair inference is that you meant so and so, you most assuredly, unless you are Mr. Gladstone, do not publicly protest that you meant something different, but what neither you nor the legal friend nor anybody else in this wide world can make out. It is quite possible that there may be some people who do not see that the peculiar dinginess of the Dopping affair consisted in this last piece of gratuitous prevarication, much more than in the petulant refusal to come down at first, and the undignified rapidity of the descent afterwards. But we prefer to think it a case of the terrible disease referred to, and not of mere blindness. The poor man meant to write "The Beginning of a Certainty," and he wrote "The End of a Myth."

It may be a variety of the same disease which inspired Mr. George C. Warr with certain marvellous verses which he has published "To the Irish Patriots." Mr. Warr begins:—

Prisoners, may Hope be with you and enfold  
Your vigil on the patriot's hard bed.

How does Hope enfold a vigil, and what does a vigil look like when it is enfolded? The verses, indeed, dimly suggest the poem which much more cheerfully described how angels not only made the bed of an Irish gentleman, but performed other kindly offices for him; but the expression is inferior. Then Mr. Warr proceeds to talk about

Law, the fiend with felon eyes and cold.

Now, if this line is intended as an attempt in the style of the immortal Mrs. Brownrigge sonnet of the *Anti-Jacobin*, it is very good indeed. But, if it is serious—and, as Sir Charles Russell would say, "it is an inference that unquestionably may be fairly drawn from the context that the words convey this idea"—is not this a little strong? It is particularly awkward for another Mr. George C. Warr, a Professor of an institution which describes itself as founded on the principle that "the doctrines and duties of Christianity as taught by the Church of England shall be for ever held and taught," and the senior *ex-officio* governor whereof is "the Lord Chancellor or Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of the United Kingdom." We don't remember that teaching of the Church of England which says that it is one of the doctrines and duties of Christianity to regard Law as a fiend with felon eyes and a cold, and it certainly would be very improper, as well as incongruous, for the Lord Chancellor or Lord Keeper of the Great Seal to countenance such a regarding of it. Further, Mr. Warr describes poor Law as

Our Tories' Gorgon of the murderous head.

"Beshrew thee if thou hast not a felon cold in thy murderous head," quoth the Poet to Law. It next appears that this unpleasant personage and something called "a loud-tongued gaoler overbold" will "not tread too long on Erin's heart." Here there seems a mixture of metaphors. Who ever accused poor Medusa, even in conjunction with a loud-tongued gaoler overbold, of treading on anybody's heart? But the Poet is pardoned a few fine frenzies like this. We are not so sure that Erin will pardon him for his next flight, which assures her that

Born in gold  
That showers from her Heav'n across the sea  
To her, as was of yore the Gorgon's foe,

&c. &c. Now really, really, Mr. Warr, that myth of Danae has always had a rather ugly possible construction, and Erin, we all know, is the most virtuous of young persons. She never would dream of becoming a mother without the proper ceremonies, or under the persuasion of gold. Besides, we cannot quite get Perseus and Danae, and the American Jove with his dollars, and the two Erins, one of whom has her heart trodden on by the fiend with a cold, and the loud-tongued gaoler, on all fours. But *quid dicimus?* all fours? Mr. Warr is not on all fours; he ends on a single toe, a most fantastic toe:—

And he, the Toe,  
(Poor toe, that deals the kicks of Salisbury)  
Will cower at the Nation's final No.

Toe what does this toe point? How does a Toe cower? why should a toe cower at a No? O toe-toe obscure Toe! What a toe-tal eclipse of meaning is here! We feel inclined to break into verse ourselves to finish; but the temptation shall be resisted. For, after all, poor Mr. Warr's case—a case of most felon and murderous topsyturvyitis—is clear enough. He was thinking of that capital cartoon of Mr. Punch's twenty years ago—the cartoon in which John Bull and Jonathan are making a football of Irish ruffianism, and he meant to celebrate it in song. Alas! the result was quite the contrary.

#### SELECTION OF SIRENS.

BEFORE noticing any details of the great show of stallions at Nottingham, there is one point on which we wish to make a few remarks. Regrets have been expressed at the absence of premiums for breeds of horses other than thoroughbreds. The reply is very simple and obvious. Why did not the complainers furnish the necessary funds to supply premiums for as many breeds of horses as they thought proper? The greater part of the sum producing the different premiums distributed at Nottingham was the gift of one individual, the remainder being made up from the funds of the Royal Agricultural Society and a grant of 1,640*l.* from the Government. Surely this ought to have been an eligible opportunity for beneficence on the part of those who, both by word of mouth and newspaper correspondence, professed themselves so anxious for the improvement of our breeds of horses. Unfortunately it has become the fashion to consider the 3,360*l.* which was formerly given in Queen's Plates and now transferred to the Horse Trustees as a Government grant. It is nothing of the kind. Indeed it is as much a private gift as the doles of coal which many cottagers receive from their landlords at Christmas; but, just as these cottagers are apt to look upon the invariable present as a sort of right when it has been annually received from several generations of donors, so the recipients of the Royal bounty in this case have learnt to regard it as something of their own, for which no kind of thanks or gratitude is due.

One result of the Premiums for sires has been to produce the largest show of thoroughbred stallions that has ever been held in this or any other country. We may add that the attendance of horsey men and women was fully equal to the occasion. It is but fair to acknowledge that much of the success of this great show at Nottingham is to be attributed to the experience derived from the stallion show held last year at Newcastle. More than a hundred stallions were exhibited at Nottingham, and on the whole they were a good-looking lot, although there were many weedy brutes among them. The chief feature—nay, the surprise—of the show was the enormous proportion of horses that were rejected as unsound by the committee of veterinary surgeons. Stallions which had been passed again and again were now objected to by the "vets," among them being one that is said to have been purchased for 1,200 guineas, and passed sound within the last few months. Another had been passed three or four times, and sold for 900 guineas as a stallion. Then there was a horse that had raced all through last season, and been passed sound at the end of it before being bought for 500 guineas; and many, very many, others were pronounced unsound, to the disgust and chagrin of their owners. But what shall be said of Scotland, whose dozen candidates were all rejected? That considerable dissatisfaction would be expressed at the wholesale refusals of the veterinary surgeons was certain, and even many experienced horsemen who had no interest in the disgraced stallions questioned the wisdom of some of the rejections. It is, however, undeniable that the three veterinary surgeons had far better opportunities of judging of the different horses' soundness or unsoundness than had anybody else. This much, at any rate, may be said—that, unless Professor Brown, Sir Henry Simpson, and Mr. George Williams made many and prodigious blunders, an enormous proportion of horses standing as hunters' stallions are unsound, and that

some such attempt as the present to assist breeders in finding sound sires was very urgently needed. This becomes the more evident when it is remembered that many country stallions whose owners knew them to be to some extent unsound were probably unentered for the Nottingham show. When all this is taken into consideration, every cause for surprise at the large number of unsound hunters, hacks, and carriage-horses bred in this country disappears.

On the whole, a fair lot of stallions stood the severe veterinary test and were selected for the Premiums. For the ten Eastern counties, including Norfolk and Middlesex, Lion, Pedometer, and Soulouque were chosen. The most admired of the three was Pedometer, a fine, large horse, with plenty of bone, by King Tom out of Miss Peddie by Poynton by Touchstone. He is the sort of horse that ought to get either good hunters or good carriage-horses, according to the class of mares that may be sent to him. For the four English counties north of Yorkshire, Blue Grass, Even, and Moss Hawk were selected, the most popular of the party being Blue Grass, an American-bred horse that was well known on the Turf in his day. Like Pedometer, he has a great deal of bone and power, and he is a free mover into the bargain. He has filled out very much since he was unsuccessful at Newcastle last year, and, as he is a young sire, he ought to have a useful career before him. It may be remembered that he beat Ossian, the winner of the St. Leger of his year, at 5 lbs. at Goodwood, and he trained on till he was six years old, a good proof of soundness and strength of constitution. One of his last races was over a three-mile course, for the Alexandra Plate of 960*l.* at Ascot, which he won by forty lengths from the notorious stayer Althorp. Even, by Quits, out of a Carnival mare, and Moss Hawk, by Blair Athol, were not quite so much liked. The horses chosen among the stallions for the ten Southern counties, from Cornwall to Kent, were Aerides, Huguenot, and Westburton. The first of the trio is probably the best, and he is by Cremorne. Huguenot is by Lowlander, who was just the sort of horse to breed fine hunter-getting sires. Westburton, by Reverberation, has a good deal of bone, but some critics took exception to his shoulders. Among the Yorkshire stallions the chosen three were Escamillo, Linnaeus, and Jarnac. It was generally considered that Escamillo was the best of these. He is by Pero Gomez, out of Bonny May, by Newminster, so his breeding is good enough even for that most horsey of horsey counties. He ran a good many times on the Turf without displaying any remarkable brilliancy. Linnaeus, who is seventeen years old, is one of the many greys got by Strathconan, and his dam was by Voltigeur. Jarnac is older still, being of the venerable age of twenty-one. The horses chosen for a district including some thirteen counties between Warwick and Pembroke are Q.C. and Scherzo. The former is a five-year-old colt by Wisdom, out of Brenta. As a two-year-old he won a Nursery Handicap at Brighton, and after that he never won a race, although he ran both as a three-year-old and a four-year-old. Scherzo, by Galopin, is another five-year-old. He was only kept in training for a couple of years, and in the second of these he ran a dozen times between March and October, winning two races, one of which was the Kempton Park Grand Prize of 837*l.* He is a horse of great size and power. Cheshire, Lancashire, and North Wales are to be represented by Prescription and Suleiman. The first-named was liked by some people on account of his size; others thought him "coachy," and wanting in muscle. Suleiman, who is eighteen, is by Knight of the Crescent out of an Orlando mare. He also is a big one, and we may observe here that, in our opinion, the judges are to be congratulated on having, as a rule, given the Premiums to large horses. Many country stallions are small, and so also are a good proportion of farmers' mares; the consequence is that in some districts a number of horses are bred that are only high enough for hacks, ladies' horses, or park-phaeton horses, while those which are tall enough for hunters or carriage-horses have only sufficient bone to carry ten or eleven stone. Five prizes of values equal to those of the Queen's Premiums were allotted by the Royal Agricultural Society to stallions in Nottinghamshire and five adjoining counties. Jack Tar, Khamseen, Lancastrian, Silver Crown, and Tiber were the winners of these. Khamseen, by Favonius, has the advantage of both size and quality. He ran often and won several races on the flat, and when his career on the Turf was ended he became a very fair steeplechaser. Lancastrian was also a tolerable race-horse, and a stayer into the bargain. Silver Crown was greatly admired. It will be remembered that he beat a field of eighteen horses for the Crawford Plate of 700*l.* at Newmarket.

The very responsible task of judging was delegated to Lord Arthur Somerset, Mr. Robert Howard, of Temple Bruer, Grantham, and Mr. J. L. Napper, of Loughcrew, Oldcastle, Ireland. Their labours were considerably lightened through the clearance effected by the veterinary surgeons. There were many complaints among the spectators at the slowness of the judging. This was unfair. Judges ought on no consideration to be hurried, and onlookers should have remembered that the adjudicators were employed solely to decide as to the distribution of the Premiums, and not with a view to the entertainment of the public. The veterinary surgeons were Professor Brown, Sir Henry Simpson, President of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, late Mayor of Windsor, and knighted in the year of the Queen's Jubilee, and Mr. Williams. That they have incurred a certain amount of odium by their wholesale rejection of unsound stallions is probable enough. Disinterested people, however, ought to give them due honour for the courage with which they discharged what they believed to be

their duty, at the risk of loss of popularity and possibly practice as well. Their task was an exceedingly unpleasant and thankless one. It has been suggested by an authority of great experience and high position that a six-year-old horse, passed sound by a board of veterinary surgeons, on leaving a training stable should be granted a certificate rendering him free from liability to further veterinary examination, so far as stallion shows are concerned, for the rest of his life. We should hesitate before condemning a proposition made by so able a judge; at the same time it strikes us that a horse might develop an hereditary infirmity, such as broken wind, after he had attained the age of six. It is objected, again, that if so many stallions are to be pronounced unsound at the competitions for the Queen's Premiums, owners may take alarm and refuse to send their horses, lest they should leave the show with the fatal stigma of unsoundness upon them. We cannot see that this should influence the Royal Commissioners, the judges, or the Board of Veterinary Surgeons in the least degree. It is either a *sine qua non* that the selected stallions should be sound or it is not, and in the former case nothing should induce the authorities to pass any but sound horses. The improvement of our breed of horses ought to be the one object aimed at. The question of the success or failure of the shows should in no way hamper the action of the Royal Commissioners or their agents. Another suggestion has been made to the effect that the services of the successful stallions should be confined to mares which are *bond fide* the property of tenant-farmers. This sounds very plausible, and may be worthy of consideration; but, even if landlords and others are made to pay a higher fee, they ought on no account to be debarred from sending mares to the selected stallions. As far as we understand the principle on which the Queen's Premiums have been instituted, their sole object is the improvement of our breed of horses. The welfare of our farmers, much as it is to be desired, is another matter altogether.

#### THE "ZALINSKI" GUN.

THE dynamite pneumatic gun is the latest addition to the already long list of implements for the utilization in warfare of dynamite, gun-cotton, blasting gelatine, or any of the other various nitro-compounds known as high explosives. This weapon, like the automatic quick-firing gun, the controllable torpedo—on which so much money was recently expended—the submarine vessels with which, it is rumoured, we are to be provided within measurable time, belongs to that category popularly talked about as "weapons of the future"—an expression which may be taken to mean that, with the most admirable potentialities for destruction, they are open to great and rapid improvement. Indeed, pneumatic ordnance already possesses some of the characteristics of the ideally perfect artillery. Its action is noiseless, and unattended with any of the disadvantages of tell-tale flash and smoke. There is no recoil, on the one hand, and, on the other, the extreme lightness of its construction renders it especially adaptable to the disappearing carriage system, and admits of a minimum of hands for its service. The destructive power of its projectile—practically equivalent to a torpedo, hence its popular name of torpedo-shell—is perfectly terrific, and exerts itself over a wide area.

"The moral effect," as Captain Haig remarked in his recent lecture at the United Service Institution, "of shells falling noiselessly from the sky, fired by an unseen foe, with no report or smoke to indicate the point of their departure, must be appalling, especially when it is known that, should one fall anywhere near the ship, she is in all probability doomed." With all these qualities, however, the "pneumatic dynamite gun" is still in its infancy, and suffers from an important defect for an artillery weapon—shortness of range. Whilst a confident faith is professed in the possibility of achieving more satisfactory results, the greatest range hitherto obtained by the experimenters of the new weapon has not exceeded three thousand yards. But, even pending the promised development, it is undoubtedly capable of the most telling effect against armour, and should be compared, not with long-range or battering weapons, but with implements of the torpedo class whose power is due, not to the force of impact, but to the blasting power of their charge. Moreover, notwithstanding repeated assertions that shells filled with some of the higher explosives can be successfully fired from ordinary guns, it remains a fact that, whenever experiments have been carried on on an exhaustive scale with projectiles so charged, the danger of premature explosion has palpably asserted itself. Such was the case with the German Hellhofite, with the French Melinite, with the American Dynamite shells. The pneumatic system is undoubtedly the only one thus far devised with which anybody would venture to fire, for instance, a shell loaded with 600 lbs. of blasting gelatine.

The special characteristics of the torpedo-shell are essentially adapted to the purpose of coast defence, and it must be noted that the two Powers which at the present time happen to pay most attention to the protection of their coast line, the United States and Italy, have adopted the new invention. There is just now a certain amount of stir in military quarters on the subject of coast defence, and, notwithstanding Admiral Colom's rather paradoxical opinion that the danger of England being attacked on her coast line is still extremely remote, it is to be hoped that an invention capable

of achieving such results as the experiments in New York harbour displayed will attract more than passing attention. As Colonel Brackenbury remarked during the discussion which followed Captain Haig's lecture, there are not sufficient experiments in war-like matters carried on in this country.

#### WAGNER OPERA IN NEW YORK.

THE most potent element in the development of musical taste in the United States at the present time is the Metropolitan Opera House. Since that institution began its series of performances of German opera the increase of interest in the highest class of music has been very much more rapid than it was before. Before this the American public frequently heard such parts of the Wagner music dramas as could be properly given at orchestral concerts, and occasionally scenes were sung on the concert stage. *Lohengrin* and the *Flying Dutchman* were sometimes presented in a slipshod and unappreciative style by companies of Italian singers. Even *Die Walküre* was once butchered at the Academy of Music by the ill-fated company of which Mme. Pappenheim and Mr. Charles Adams were the bright particular stars. Through these various presentations of Wagner's work, or rather in spite of them, an anxiety to know more of the productions of the genius of Baireuth was created. When *Die Walküre* was finally produced in a tolerably effective manner four years ago, under the direction of the late Dr. Leopold Damrosch, it was a revelation to the Americans, and the impression made by it was profound.

Wagner has met with the usual opposition in America, where the principal patrons of opera have been in the habit of expecting and receiving amusement, not edification. But Mr. Edmund Stanton, who succeeded Dr. Damrosch as director of the opera, found that the works which in the long run were most profitable were those of Wagner. *Fidelio* alone has been able to dispute the palm with them. This important fact evidently led to the decision that the Nibelungen trilogy should be the central novelty of the season just closed. The forces of the Opera House have been hard put to it this winter. In fourteen weeks thirteen operas have been produced, of which five were novelties. These five were Nessler's *Der Trompeter von Säkkingen*, Spontini's *Ferdinand Cortez*, Weber's *Euryanthe*, and Wagner's *Siegfried* and *Die Götterdämmerung*. The first two were not successful. *Siegfried* was the third opera of the season, following on the heels of *Tristan und Isolde* and *Die Meistersinger*. It was given a number of times to large audiences. *Die Götterdämmerung* was produced a week before the trilogy was presented, and received two preparatory performances; while *Die Walküre* was sung once.

The characteristic omission of *Das Rheingold* was commented on by the American critics, but with by no means sufficient severity. The *New York Times* spoke of the production of the "trilogy" as acephalous. The difficulty which lay in the way of giving the first work of the series was a bad stage. The Metropolitan Opera House was constructed with a view to Italian opera, and was not furnished with the mechanical facilities necessary for the presentation of Wagner's spectacular effects. This deficiency has been made apparent in the present performances, the final scene of *Die Götterdämmerung* being sadly injured by the poverty of its scenic attire. It is the intention of the director of the opera to produce *Das Rheingold* next year after making the requisite alterations in the stage. The complete tetralogy will then be given. The present production, however, is an important achievement for a young opera-house in a country where a high order of music was slow in gaining a foothold.

The defects of the performances were unhappily numerous. First of all were those of the scenic department, and in this the mismanagement of light effects was most noticeable. American theatres are sadly behind those of Europe in this matter. Indeed, some of the "gas effects" in New York places of amusement are absurd, and nearly all of them are so arranged as to utterly destroy, instead of heightening, the illusions of the stage. In the first act of *Die Walküre* at the Metropolitan Opera House, the opening of the doors of Hunding's house and the revelation of the spring night were very badly done. The moonlight came from no less than three different directions; and that part of it which fell upon the faces of Siegmund and Sieglinde passed apparently through the roof of the house, where no opening had been made. On the other hand, the lighting up of the hilt of the sword in the tree, accomplished by means of a red electric light concealed just below the weapon, was admirable in appearance. In the second act of the same opera the combat between Siegmund and Hunding, carried on in a glare of white light behind a badly arranged gauze drop, was devoid of any aspect of mystery or tragedy. In the last act of the drama the flight of the Valkyries through the air was represented by luminous pictures thrown upon a drop scene by a stereopticon. The result was that as the Valkyries moved across the sky from one side of the stage to the other they became sadly distorted as the angles of projection changed. The rising of the fire, accompanied by dense clouds of steam, around the sleeping Brünnhilde was well managed.

In *Siegfried* the stage pictures of the first act were excellent. The anvil rang beneath Siegfried's blows; the ruddy glow of the fire lighted his features; the forge was complete in every detail; the sparks flew commendably when he wielded the hammer, and the anvil with its oak pedestal was handsomely split to the ground by the grand stroke of the magic sword. The dragon in the

second act was absurd. It was a preposterous-looking beast, and made the audience laugh. Its movements were awkward, and altogether it destroyed the design of the author. Everything in the last act was tolerable, save the painted curtain of fire, which was raised from below at the change of scenes. It was an execrable contrivance, badly painted, and destructive of all illusion.

In *Die Götterdämmerung* the scenery was acceptable, but by no means great. The Hall of the Gibichungs was painted in Vienna, and was a good piece of work. The break of day on the banks of the Rhine was not quite true to nature, but it was theatrically effective, and may be set down as a successful bit of stage art. The last act was ruined by the final scene. A picture of Brünnhilde, bare-legged, mounted on her steed, and bearing the body of Siegfried to some place not mentioned in Norse mythology, was projected on a drop by a stereopticon. Walhalla was seen on fire, while Wotan, wearing for some unaccountable reason his wanderer's hat, stood in front of the castle, surrounded by his family. The Rhine did not rise with good effect, and Hagen entered the waters as calmly as if he were taking a bath. Coming, as all this does, after the noble scene of Brünnhilde's immolation, the effect of anti-climax was produced.

On the other hand, in the labours of the artists engaged in the performances there was much to commend. The greatest success was achieved by Mlle. Lilli Lehmann as Brünnhilde. Her conception of the part was apparently the result of a careful study, not only of Wagner, but of the sources from which he derived his material. This was manifested in the gentle solemnity of her scene with Siegmund in *Die Walküre*, where she conveyed truthfully the idea of impending doom. Nor did she in the anguish of the last act diminish the heroic proportions of her embodiment. In the awakening in *Siegfried* she retained the nobility of her demeanour, but with exquisite art delineated the development of human passion in her bosom. In *Die Götterdämmerung* she was all woman. The first scene showed her a dependent, loving creature, absorbed in her pride of her husband. In the great scene before the hall of Gunther she presented an impersonation filled full with passion. Her immolation scene was a noble piece of acting, and stamped her as one of the best of dramatic sopranos. Vocally she was worthy of high praise. She has of late acquired one or two minor faults of method, but these were obscured by the vigour and earnestness of her work. Taken as a whole, her labours deserved the high commendation awarded them by the American press and the applause bestowed by the audiences.

Herr Niemann was the leading male singer employed in the production. It is a matter for wonder rather than congratulation that he should be on the stage at something like the age of sixty. His voice is not gone, strange as it may seem; for he is still able to touch all the notes set down in the score. The quality of the sounds which he produces, however, is usually distressing. He is compelled to constantly force his voice in a painful manner, and many of his notes are utterly without musical character. It seems as if a singer of this sort would be intolerable, and he would be were it not for the fact that his acting goes so far to atone for his other work. He appeared as Siegmund in *Die Walküre*, and again as Siegfried in *Die Götterdämmerung*. He was the original Siegmund at Bayreuth in 1876, and it was owing to the reputation as a Wagner singer acquired by him at that time that he was engaged at the Metropolitan Opera House. His acting as Siegmund was admirable in spirit and execution; but he achieved greater success as Siegfried through the notable excellence of his death-scene. He conveyed to the audience in most striking manner the operation of Siegfried's mind in recalling Brünnhilde, and gave a remarkable exposition of the emotions of the soul in which memory had been awakened. His dying speech was delivered with touching sincerity, and the whole episode was moving.

In the second drama, *Siegfried*, Herr Alvary appeared as the young hero. This young tenor, who was not successful on his first appearance in America, is improving rapidly. His intonation is now generally correct, the quality of his voice is far more agreeable, and his acting is gaining in significance. His Siegfried was buoyant of spirit and by far the best work he had done. He was alive with the enthusiasm and freshness of youth, and presented a fine appearance of manly energy and courage. There was a brightness, a wholesome vivacity about his acting that was in keeping with the design of the author, and made his impersonation pictorially delightful. He sang the music with a good quality and power of voice, and generally with commendable expression.

Herr Fischer was the Wotan of the series. Next to Mlle. Lehmann he was the most artistic singer engaged in the representations. His voice is rich and full, though not powerful, and his method better than that of the average German singer. In appearance he was dignified, but there were occasions when his acting betrayed too much of his natural good humour, which was so delightful in his Hans Sachs. He also sang Hagen. Herr Ferenz appeared as Mime early in the season, but illness incapacitated him, and his place in the trilogy was taken by Herr Kemlitz, whose performance was wholly unsatisfactory. His conception of the rôle was borrowed from his predecessor, who had a respectable notion of acting, but he had not the ability for the execution. In singing he was wretched. The other characters in the three dramas were assumed by Fräulein Brandt (Fricka, Waltraute, Erda, and Flosshilde), Frau Seidl-Kraus (Sieglinde, the bird voice, and

Grutrune), Frauen Meisslinger and Traubman (Woglinde and Willgunde and two of the Valkyrs), Herr Robinson (Gunther), Herr von Milde (Alberich), and Herr Elmblad (Fafner and Hunding). Herr Elmblad was tolerably good as the wild worm. Frau Seidl-Kraus was not equal to the demands of any of her parts, being a mediocre singer and an exceedingly feeble actress. Fräulein Brandt, whose voice is much worn, was only tolerable.

Herr Anton Seidl conducted the performances, and deserves warm praise for his work. The orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House is not composed of the best material in New York, nor is it properly balanced, the strings being too few. The score of *Die Götterdämmerung* calls for thirty-two violins, but at the Metropolitan there were not more than twenty-two. Two of the tenor tubas called for by the composer, four of the horns, and the bass trumpet were not employed; but still the brass held too great a balance of power. Nevertheless, the beauties of the scores of the three works were notably revealed under Herr Seidl's direction, and he overcame many difficulties with great patience and judgment. The ride of the Valkyries and their chorus was given with splendid energy; and the chorus of the vassals in *Die Götterdämmerung* was full of power. The Siegfried death-music, though deprived to a great extent of the proper stage display, was finely performed.

In spite of many defects, the presentation of the three operas of the trilogy was commendable. There can be no doubt that it will have a marked effect in stimulating the spread of musical taste in America. During the performances large numbers of persons from Boston, Worcester, Buffalo, Baltimore, Cincinnati, and other musical cities journeyed to New York to hear the Wagner dramas. The Opera House was crowded at each representation, and the principal artists were called before the curtain half a dozen times at the close of each act.

#### SIR SIMON AND SIR WILLIAM.

ONE of the latest utterances attributed, apparently on good authority, to Lord Beaconsfield is that he had invented a phrase for Sir William Harcourt. What it was he did not disclose. He died, and made no sign. He carried the secret with him to the grave, unless perchance it should be discovered when his literary remains are investigated. What would not one give for it? Whole volumes of *Hansard* would be cheaply exchanged for this perished sentence. The lost plays of Menander, the missing books of Livy, the unreported speeches of Lord Bolingbroke—all the sunken treasures of literature and time do not excite for the moment a keener regret than Lord Beaconsfield's silence, now incapable of being broken. We have got accustomed to the loss of these things, and do reasonably well without them; but the pang of knowing that Lord Beaconsfield had a description of Sir William Harcourt, and that it was not allowed to pass the bulwark of his teeth, is fresh and keen. We should have understood Sir William Harcourt the better for it, and one man's wit would have made a contribution, though not, indeed, upon a very important matter, to all the world's wisdom. No one, probably, regrets more profoundly this undiscoverable secret than Sir William Harcourt himself. It has left him the heir of unfulfilled renown. His chief title to fame has departed. If Lord Beaconsfield had spoken, Sir William Harcourt would have taken his place in that gallery of contemporary portraits which includes the arch mediocrity, the superior person, the great middle-man, the rhetorical sophist intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and others less important, who have acquired such fame as belongs to the poetrasters and critics castigated in the *Dunciad*, though some of them, as was the case also with Pope's victims, have titles to remembrance independently of the satirist's tribute to them. Sir William Harcourt is not very likely to be long remembered on his own account. His speeches, though lively contributions to present contests, will scarcely rank among the eternal possessions of his countrymen. We must be content to deal with Sir William Harcourt as we ourselves can see him, and to relinquish as cheerfully as may be the inestimable advantage of seeing him through the eyes of Lord Beaconsfield.

Sir William Harcourt made during the recess many contributions to the better popular knowledge of him, and since the Session opened he has thrown additional light upon himself. Sir William Harcourt is abundantly endowed with the sense of humour; but he himself is a greater joke than any he has ever made. He is most amusing when he is most serious, or rather when he affects an air of seriousness. His gravity is more piquant than his pensifage. He never perpetrated a practical joke with a more solemn countenance than when he stood up in the House of Commons on Monday and assumed to overrule by his solitary authority the concurrent opinion of Sir Henry James and the Attorney- and Solicitor-General upon a legal question. To rely upon his judgment against theirs upon any point of law is as reasonable as it would be to quote the *Comic Blackstone* of the late Mr. Gilbert à Beckett against the Blackstone of Mr. Serjeant Stephens or any authorized commentator. A Foreign Minister not now in office once emitted the dictum that knowledge was practically a knowledge of references. A man, he argued, might fairly be said to know a thing if he knew where to find it. It was sufficient to possess that learning of the index "which turns no student pale, yet holds the eel of science by the tail." Unfortunately, some knowledge of the thing is required in order to know

where to find it, and to know, further, whether you have found it or not; otherwise you may possibly produce as the thing itself quite another and different thing. Sir William Harcourt is as dexterous as any one can well be in offering brass for gold, and no doubt he sometimes honestly mistakes the inferior substance, which he possesses in abundance, for the more precious metal.

It is interesting, under the light of the new doctrine of heredity, to trace the persistence of family qualities in distant members of the same house. If there were time for it, and if it were worth while, an interesting parallel, for which Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors* supplies abundant material, might be instituted between Sir William Harcourt and the most distinguished of his ancestors. The faculty for making a little law go a long way was possessed in an eminent degree by the first Lord Harcourt, of whom Lord Campbell says that he had "at least learned where the law on different subjects was to be found, so that, as the occasion required, he could get up an argument well upon any question *pro re nata*, and appear more learned than others, who had laid in a larger stock of law, over which they had less command." Sir William Harcourt does not perhaps possess this equivocal gift in the full degree in which Sir Simon Harcourt had it; but he has a very considerable power of dressing up ignorance in the garb of knowledge. Like his ancestor, he is an effective orator and well enough versed in literature; but the parallelism between Sir Simon and Sir William naturally fails in some points. Sir William, in spite of his strong sense of personal fitness and hereditary appropriateness, failed to persuade Mr. Gladstone that he would be the best of all possible Lord Chancellors. He was not, it would seem, the destined heir in his soft cradle to his great-great-grandfather's chair. In other particulars, too, it would be improper to insist upon a resemblance. Swift, in his poem called the *Façot*, apostrophizes Sir Simon in the words, "Come, trimming Harcourt." Who would venture to couple this adjective with Sir William Harcourt's name? Mr. Speaker Onslow described Sir Simon as "a man very able, but without shame." Mr. Speaker Peel, we are sure, has never said, and never will say, anything like this of Sir William. Sir Simon Harcourt was more than suspected in the dynastic contests of the time of being secretly on the side of King James while he ostensibly served King William. Our controversies now are happily not dynastic; and no one will venture to accuse Sir William Harcourt of being one in heart with any political James while he serves as the lieutenant of any political William. Sir Simon Harcourt's loyalty to his chief was held in some doubt. A correspondent of Swift's, describing an interview with Harley, then Lord Treasurer, says, "the great attorney Harcourt kissed him at parting, and cursed him at heart." "They eat and drink and walk together, as if there were no sort of disagreement; and when they part, I hear they give each other such names as none but Ministers of State could bear without cutting throats." Sir William Harcourt is quite incapable of the Judas kiss of Sir Simon. He has boasted that his loyalty to his chief is his only claim to public esteem; and as we do not know of any other, it would be unfair to throw doubt upon this.

#### THE BANK OF FRANCE.

THE Bank of France concession will expire at the end of 1897—that is, in a little less than ten years—and already an active agitation has been got up hostile to the Bank. It is not very clear what the agitators want. They contend that the privileges of the Bank are too great, and that the return it makes to the State is too small, and they ask, therefore, that an inquiry should be instituted, and a very great change made if the concession is renewed. The agitators almost all belong to the Radical party, and perhaps they are actuated largely by political feeling. Not only in Paris, but at all the branches, there are Boards of Directors, and the Boards consist of the leading commercial men of the place. Practically, therefore, the whole of these Boards form a kind of commercial aristocracy in France. At the same time, the connexion of these various Boards one with another forms a very powerful body; and it is urged that the influence they wield is injurious to the State. While the agitation has been going on there has been a very considerable fall in the shares of the Bank. They stood at nearly 350 per cent. premium, and they have fallen fully 20*l.* per share in the course of a few months. The fall is believed to be entirely speculative. The shares of the Bank of France are allowed to be held by trustees, and consequently it is believed that the vast majority of the shares are in the possession of trustees and of quiet investors who are not likely to be alarmed by the present preliminary agitation. Whether there is any connexion between the speculation for the fall and the political agitation we do not pretend to say; but it is not uncharitable to assume that, even if the political agitators are entirely innocent, they may have been prompted by persons interested in bringing down the price of the shares in the hope that they may be able to buy them more cheaply than they had sold them. A speculation of the kind would seem very rash, for shares which are held so well as those of the Bank of France are supposed to be are not likely to be sold in very large quantities. Therefore, if speculators have largely sold what they do not possess, they may sooner or later be called upon to deliver the shares, and they can fulfil their contracts only by offering so high a price as will tempt holders to sell. Whether the speculators win or lose, however,

is a matter of slight concern to the foreign public; what is of real interest is the political agitation and its probable result. The result does not seem likely to be great. As stated above, the concession has yet to run nearly ten years, and in ten years much may happen; so much, indeed, that the concession to the Bank of France may be completely cast in the shade. If war should break out, the Bank of France will be necessary to the French Government, and will doubtless then take care to have its concession renewed. If peace is maintained and the Moderate Party remains in power, Moderate Republicans will not risk making enemies of the monied classes by acting hostilely to the Bank of France. And even if the Radical party should gain the ascendancy, it is not easy to see how they can very materially modify the existing concession.

Theoretically, there are undoubtedly strong objections to the giving of a great monopoly to a single bank. If the ground were completely clear, no doubt it would be much better to have a number of powerful institutions discharging the functions of the Bank of France than to have one single great corporation. The Bank of France, for example, has a monopoly of note-issuing in France. It would be much better either that the Government should reserve to itself the right of issuing notes, just as it reserves the right of issuing coin, or else that all banks fulfilling certain conditions should be free to issue notes if the public will accept them. But it is extremely difficult, under all circumstances, to undo accomplished facts, and in nothing is it more difficult than in the domain of finance. The Bank of France exists; it has branches in every town of any importance in the country; it has agencies even where branches would not pay; it is administered most ably; no institution in the world enjoys higher credit, for even during the war with Germany its notes fell to only a slight discount. It does an immense business; indeed, it plays a far larger part in the commercial life of France than does the Bank of England with ourselves. To a large extent it may be said to be the bank of the poor man. The bills which it discounts average only a few pounds—if we remember rightly, 1*l.* or 1*l.* in amount—showing that small shopkeepers, peasants, and other people deal very largely indeed with the Bank of France, and the notes of the Bank are held in the remotest corners of the country. It is almost inconceivable that an institution so ably managed, so firmly established, and enjoying so highly the confidence of France can be interfered with. Of course the Bank will shrink from a direct quarrel with the Government, supposing the Government were to try to impose unfavourable conditions; that is to say, the Bank will do much rather than lose its privileged position; but, on the other hand, the Bank is a commercial institution. Its *raison d'être* is to make profits; and, if an attempt is made to force upon it unprofitable conditions, it may refuse to accept the concession. Even then its position would perhaps be as strong as that of any bank in the world, and in all probability it would be far stronger for years to come than any State bank that could be set up in opposition to it. If the Bank were unable to come to terms with the Government and the concession were refused, the first result would be that the existing note issue would have to be called in and paid off. The Bank would have lost its right to issue notes; and, as those notes are only promises to pay, they would have to be honoured. As a matter of course, a notification would be issued requiring all notes to be presented for encashment within a certain time. The bank-note circulation at present is a little over 110*l.* millions sterling. In times of inflation it has been much larger; but, while the political condition of the Continent remains such as it is, inflation does not seem probable. Assuming, then, that the circulation remained about this figure, the Bank would have to provide 110*l.* millions sterling to call in and pay off its notes. Against this liability, however, the Bank holds at the present time somewhat over 92 millions sterling in coin and bullion; it holds also somewhat over 24 millions sterling in bills which it has discounted and securities upon which it has lent; and, lastly, it has lent to the Government nearly six millions sterling. In actual cash, therefore, or in securities readily realizable, the Bank holds at the present time nearly 122 millions sterling, against the 110*l.* millions sterling liability upon its notes. Without serious inconvenience to itself, therefore, it could pay off the notes within a stipulated time. Of the coin and bullion held by the Bank, a little under 44*l.* millions sterling are in gold and a little over 47*l.* millions sterling are in silver. Now, our readers will recollect that both silver and gold are legal tender in France. Naturally, therefore, the Bank would cash its notes entirely in silver. The 47*l.* millions sterling and a little over which it holds in silver would be paid out to the holders of the notes, and the 44*l.* millions sterling in gold would be sent abroad and sold, silver being bought against it, and used in paying off its notes. Thus by exchanging gold for silver in redeeming its notes, the Bank would make a very handsome profit. On the other hand, France would be flooded with silver, and she would be almost entirely drained of gold. It will be seen, therefore, that the Bank has a very formidable weapon in any struggle that may be forced upon it. Practically it can say to the Government that, if compelled, it is ready to pay off its notes, and that it will leave France without a gold reserve. Our readers know how great is the importance attached by all commercial countries to the possession of a gold reserve, and how formidable, therefore, would be such a threat. At the present time more particularly, when the political condition of the Continent is so uncertain, France can least of all afford to part with its gold reserve; and as has just been pointed

out the gold reserve held by the Bank of France is immense. It is about double the stock of gold held by the Bank of England, and it is larger than any accumulation of gold held by any Government or institution in the world—the Treasury of the United States alone excepted.

Supposing, what is extremely improbable, that a conflict is forced upon the Bank of France, and that it threatens to refuse a modified concession, while adopting the course we have just indicated, it would be in the power of the Government, it is true, to legislate adversely to the Bank. It might, for example, forbid the Bank to pay its notes in silver; but it is scarcely conceivable that any Government that may be established in France would adopt such a policy. The Bank, as we have seen, holds over 47½ millions sterling in silver. It has accumulated that vast stock of the metal on the faith of the law making silver legal tender equally with gold, and to forbid the Bank to use in paying its liabilities coin and bullion which it had itself paid value for would be an unheard-of invasion of private rights. It is true that the oppression might be covered by a general demonetization of silver, but that is too big a measure to be adopted merely to coerce the Bank of France. Practically the Government would have no means of preventing the Bank from adopting the course sketched above. It is, we need hardly say, extremely improbable either that the Government would take up such an attitude as would compel the Bank to refuse a renewal of the concession, or that the Bank will prove so unmanageable that it will be obliged to drain France of the whole of its gold. Either, as said above, the concession will be renewed without question, or it will be modified in a fair and reasonable manner to all parties. The Bank, in fact, is the centre of the commercial organization of France. Anything done hostile to it would shake credit to its very centre, would alarm the rural as well as the urban population, and would cause widespread suffering and loss. On its side, the Bank will be eager to avoid strained relations with the Government, and doubtless if it is thought reasonable that the Bank should pay more than it does at present for the monopoly it possesses, the directors will offer no serious resistance. It is the Bank of the State; it is largely under the influence of the Government; its privileged position gives it an advantage over all competitors, which is indirectly, as well as directly, of immense pecuniary value; and the directors under all régimes throughout the past have been so fully sensible of all this that they have been ready to assist the Government of the day in every way possible. In the future they will no doubt be actuated by the same motives as in the past, and therefore we are rather inclined to think that the present agitation will die away; but unquestionably it is more serious than in some quarters it is represented to be. The prominence in the agitation of some of the Radical newspapers and of some of the Radical leaders has perhaps obscured its real importance; undoubtedly the whole commercial community feels a strong interest in the questions that have been raised. The Chambers of Commerce have applied to leading firms in the City for information concerning the Bank of England and its relations with the Government; and, on the other hand, amongst bankers here at home there is a strong interest felt in the issues that have been raised.

#### THE ANATOMY OF ACTING.

IN the February number of *Longman's Magazine* Mr. William Archer continues his rather purposeless investigation of the feelings of actors upon the stage. Throughout, as we read his essay, a trivial sentence from Miss Edgeworth's *Frank* keeps ringing in our ears—"And good little Frank believed him." The fallacy of Mr. Archer's system is contained in a sentence towards the end of his article, when, after quoting an actor's description of his feelings, he adds, "and he, of course, should be the best authority on this point." There are two reasons why this statement is open to question. In the first place, an actor, as a rule, knows neither the effects he is producing nor the methods by which he produces them so well as a skilled onlooker; and, in the second, he is, as a rule, too much prejudiced by various considerations to truthfully describe his method when he knows that his description is to be given to the world. The actor knows well that the illusion with which it is his business to deceive and entertain the public will be infinitely more complete if he can persuade them beforehand that he is actually experiencing the emotions which he has to display. Accordingly, in nine cases out of ten, he has sufficient professional discretion to assure Mr. Archer that he suffers when he weeps stage tears and that he is exhilarated when he makes stage laughter. "And good little Frank believes him." Mr. Archer might just as well accept as an established fact the conjurer's assurance that "he has nothing up his sleeves," or a clown's that "he didn't do it—upon his honour." But, however valueless the result, we find no fault with Mr. Archer for collecting these rather untrustworthy statistics, any more than we should blame him for collecting foreign postage stamps if it amused him to do so.

But, considering the peculiar temperament of the class to which he addressed himself for information, we are sorry that he should not have shown more editorial forbearance in the selection of answers which he publishes this month. His Question 2—"When Macready played Virginius after burying his loved daughter, he

confessed that his real experience gave a new force to his acting in the most pathetic situations of the play. Have you any analogous experience to relate? and what was the effect upon the audience?"—is one to which we should have thought no one with much delicacy of feeling would have wished to reply; at all events, in detail or with personal illustrations. But so great is the actor's craving to talk about himself, and still more (when he possesses that accomplishment) to write about himself, that when the opportunity is offered to him he throws off all sentimental reserve, and glibly and elaborately describes how the death of some near relation has affected his acting. Surely it would have been kinder to the writers if Mr. Archer had suppressed such tasteless performances as these. At all events, he might have been sufficiently gallant to have destroyed or rather to have locked up in a jewelled casket and reverently buried the rather jarringly-worded contributions of some of his lady correspondents—ladies whose genius is so delightful and so highly appreciated—on the stage, that we regret that it should ever be allowed to risk tiring or over-straining itself in other fields. We are surprised that Mr. Archer, who is usually so conscientious in appending little explanatory notes, makes no comment on Mr. Wilson Barrett's statement that he has "seen an emotional novice drown herself in tears." We should quite have expected Mr. Archer to add, "Presumably Mr. Wilson Barrett was unable to reach the young lady in time to save her. Or the phrase may be purely figurative. In any case . . ." &c. Mr. Wilson Barrett tells us further on that he has "again and again held a mirror to a young actor, and when he has evidently been feeling deeply, his face, to his astonishment, has borne a peaceful, placid smile."

Mr. Leonard Boyne gives a picturesquely tangled account of an international incident which, he assures us, has affected his acting very considerably:—

In the streets of Cardiff [he writes], I once saw an Italian stab another fatally. I was on the opposite side of the road, and I gave a yell or scream, and rushed to take the knife. This incident is always vividly before my eyes when I see Tybalt stab Mercutio, and I have ever since, when playing Romeo, used the "yell." I have noticed a dead silence come over the house immediately, as if something beyond mere acting had happened. When actors write with such simplicity and singleness of purpose as this, it is to be regretted by people who like to be amused that they do not write more.

The next question discussed relates to laughter on the stage. But the only really important and world-stirring discovery made by Mr. Archer in this connexion is that the "extraordinary 'Keh!'" (like the sound of a saw) with which, according to stage tradition, Sir Peter Teazle and Charles Surface accompany the back jerk of their thumbs to indicate the presence of the little French milliner behind the screen, "must have originated in the 'mechanical imitation by inferior actors' of 'explosions of ill-repressed merriment.'" The remainder of Mr. Archer's article is taken up by an intimate discussion of the effects of acting upon the pores of an actor's skin—with regard to which we will preserve the masonic virtue of silence. As we said before, we desire in no sense to blame Mr. Archer for finding pleasure in the investigation of other people's business. On the contrary, we envy him the possession of so simple and conventional a taste. But we regret that the result of his researches—which can surely be of interest only to those who have assisted him in them—should take up so many pages of Messrs. Longmans' excellent *Magazine*.

#### THE MONITEUR DE ROME ON IRISH AFFAIRS.

THE interpretation which we ventured last week, on grounds of internal evidence and general probability, to put upon the Pope's allocution to the Irish pilgrims and which the Parnellite organs have peremptorily contradicted, has just received an unexpected and very decisive confirmation. The *Times* Correspondent quoted last Wednesday an article of the *Moniteur de Rome*, which is the more remarkable because that journal, while not venturing to insert anything likely to expose it to papal censure, is not the official organ of the Vatican, and is, as the Correspondent words it, "anti-English in the extreme," and "has never before seen any reason or justice in any English contention about Ireland." Its testimony therefore, grudging and imperfect as it is, must be regarded as the unwilling admission, and a very significant one, extorted from a bitter opponent. We may be sure that it makes the least it dares of any censure conveyed in the reply of Leo XIII. and the most it can of his alleged sympathy with Irish "aspirations." Had his Holiness really explained his meaning to the Irish bishops in anything like the sense attributed to him by Archbishop Walsh, the *Moniteur* would have struck a very different note. For what does it now tell its readers? In the first place they are informed—in the teeth of the entire chorus of Parnellite and Gladstonian prophets—that there has been "real progress" and "many ameliorations" in the condition of Ireland during the last few years through the operation of a milder and more intelligent system of legislation. And then the *Moniteur*—magnificently ignoring the famous "last link" pronunciamiento—proceeds to console its Irish friends with the somewhat ambiguous assurance that they will obtain "complete legislative autonomy" when—but not until—England is convinced that they have no desire for "the rupture of the Union." That we are afraid will seem rather cold comfort to Parnellites who know anything of their own mind.

But the next exhortation addressed to them by their too candid monitor is of a still more dispiriting kind. They have been told again and again by their English allies, from Mr. Gladstone downwards, that they are the oppressed and persecuted confessors in a righteous cause, and that all the ills of Ireland are due to the lawless tyranny of a brutal Coercion Government. But the *Moniteur*, speaking with the recent deliverance of the Pope before its troubled gaze, is unkind enough to press upon them the disagreeably suggestive warning that "in any case the surest means whereby Ireland will produce the change of public opinion which will permit of the concession of an honourable and legitimate autonomy is to restrain the present movement within the limits of justice, legality, and morality"—which their leaders are never tired of assuring them have not been exceeded. "From this point of view," adds the *Moniteur*, "the advice of the Holy Father is inspired by a sound understanding of the interests of Ireland." The Holy Father therefore has evidently given them to understand that they have not hitherto paid due regard to the claims of justice, morality, or law. Dr. Walsh and Dr. Croke may with advantage take that lesson to heart; they hardly seem to have learnt it yet. Nor is even this the worst. In order to accentuate the indictment thus unceremoniously pressed home, the *Moniteur* contrasts the past conduct of the Irish agitators with that of an earlier generation of patriots, who by the way did very undisguisedly "aspire to a rupture of the Union," but whose methods of action were—we so far agree with the writer—decidedly more respectable than those adopted by the party who claim to be the modern representatives of their policy.

"We know," says the writer, "how much there was at first that was great, noble, and pure in the Emancipation movement in Ireland which began half a century ago"—or rather which closed nearly sixty years ago—"O'Connell was the eloquent and sublime incarnation of it." One may be excused for repressing with difficulty a disposition to smile at the apotheosis of O'Connell in the form of a "sublime incarnation." At the same time it may be allowed that, in comparison with Messrs. Ford, Davitt, O'Donovan Rossa, and the like—to say nothing here of Mr. Parnell himself—there is a kind of relative sublimity even about Dan O'Connell. He was generally speaking open and above-board; he not only never dirtied his fingers with "daggers and dynamite"—the one and sole *ultima ratio* of Parnellism—but always exerted the whole weight of his influence to put down appeals to violence. He announced plainly that if Repeal could not be procured by peaceable means, he would not incur the responsibility of carrying on the contest. And after full allowance has been made for an inordinate vanity and love of notoriety, it may fairly be conceded that his leading aims were patriotic—as he understood patriotism—and not self-seeking. In all these respects he stands out, not indeed as a "sublime incarnation," but distinctly superior to those who claim the inheritance of his emancipatory mission. In the studiously-guarded but significant phrase of the *Moniteur*, "since then the current, in swelling, has received in its bosom elements which here and there (!) have corrupted its primitive purity." More than once (!) violence and crime have come to compromise and befoul the sacred cause of Ireland." The *Moniteur* is careful to explain that it does not hold the entire nation to be responsible for the "excesses of those who aim rather to make use of Ireland than to serve her"; but still, not only on moral grounds but for their own interests, "this noble Irish people, so good, so religious, cannot too earnestly seek to disengage its patriotic cause from all impure alliances." At all events, unless it will do so, it cannot expect the aid or sympathy of Rome. "How indeed can Ireland count on the sympathies of Catholics, how can the supreme and moderating power of the Church work in her favour, if it be shown that culpable and revolutionary elements mingle their action with that of the National movement?" Leo XIII. has testified his sympathy for them by the mission of Mgr. Persico, which will bear its fruits, "provided they give willing ears to the voice of the Sovereign Pontiff"—which is not quite the same thing as saying that "their political Pope is Mr. Parnell."

No doubt, as the *Times*' Correspondent observes, all this "points unmistakably to a severance of Irish interests from the plottings of those Americans who are using Catholic fires to cook their own revolutionary messes, and who will, when they have no longer any use for the Church, show themselves as little mindful of its interests as other revolutionists have been." No rational Catholic can doubt that the interests of his Church are on the side of maintaining intact those rights of property and orderly government on which the organization of society rests, or that such a state of things as the agitators are striving to force on Ireland would prove equally fatal to all discipline in Church or State. An eminent Irish ecclesiastic resident in Rome expressed this, we are told, by saying that "if ever laws were sanctioned against the Church in Ireland, it would be by an Irish Parliament." *Sic vos non vobis* would be the record of Catholic Home Rulers if they had the misfortune to succeed. Their Graces of Dublin and Cashel may not choose to see this, or may think it prudent to ignore it, but the Pope at all events can have no illusions on the subject. His reply to the Irish pilgrims supplied good evidence of that, and the *Moniteur* article puts his recognition of it beyond a doubt. The Duke of Norfolk is not indeed, as has been persistently alleged, the official representative of the English Government at Rome, but no doubt, "like all other educated Catholics, he sees that an agitation of this kind carried on in Ireland will eventually turn its fury against the Church and other Conservative interests."

The point may be worth emphasizing in view of a little pamphlet on *Ireland and the English Catholics* published the other day, with the object apparently of suggesting that, with the exception of "Mr. de Lisle and Lord Denbigh and the Duke of Norfolk," almost all English Catholics are Parnellites. The exact contrary is of course notoriously the case. We have no intention whatever of wasting powder and shot on a brochure which is beneath all serious criticism; for when you have once said that the anonymous writer appears to have learnt his lingo in the pethouse, his honesty at the Old Bailey, and his logic at Hanwell, there is little left to say. One characteristic passage however may be cited for the amusement of our readers from its mingled silliness and effrontery. "The balancing power which has beaten the [Home Rule] Bills is hatred of Catholicism and contempt for the Church. Were the Irish people faithless to their pastors they would win the support of the English Atheistic Poets and Dissenting Politicians." We had imagined that "Dissenting Politicians" and littérateurs who have at least as good a claim as Mr. Swinburne to the sobriquet "Atheistic," were just the kind of supporters "the Irish people" have won. "The price they pay," proceeds the pamphleteer, "for their fidelity to Heaven [as represented by Dr. Croke and the estimable Canon O'Mahoney] is still, as much as ever it was, the refusal of English Protestantism to think 'Papist rats' fit for Freedom." The anonymous author of this eloquent twaddle has evidently quite forgotten that the phrase he pillories in quotation marks, "Papist rats," was originally coined several years ago by no less distinguished a Protestant—though not an "English Protestant"—than Mr. Parnell himself, before he had seen his way to mounting to power on the shoulders of the creatures he described by that unsavoury name. It was certainly a fine stroke of unconscious irony to claim the palm of Catholic confessorship for a party whose acknowledged leader is the Protestant associate of Parisian Communists, while they, headed by some twenty of their bishops, have just been welcoming with open arms the one English politician who is the avowed and uncompromising apologist of the Jacobins. On one point we are afraid the unmannerly pamphleteer is right enough, when he boasts that "the Metropolitan himself"—i.e. Cardinal Manning—is on his side. His Eminence took the trouble to inform the world in the columns of the *Times*, during the General Election of 1886, that he was a Parnellite.

#### EXHIBITIONS.

THE Dudley Exhibition is not a bad collection of water-colours for a small Society. It takes rather after the Royal Institute than after the Royal Society in tending towards a certain realistic breadth of treatment. We speak of the better class of work; from the commoner sort, niggling and false colour are by no means entirely absent. Characteristic work of distinguished men—not members—such as Sir John Gilbert and Messrs. Birket Foster and Carl Haag, adds an interest to the show. Amongst the many contrasts of style which are to be seen we may mention two neighbouring drawings, excellent of their kinds—Mr. Sutton Palmer's "Bells of Ouseley" (249) and Mr. Rupert Stevens's "Langham Sketch" (249). Mr. Stevens's sketch, like most of his work, is very large in manner and fresh and inspiring in colour; Mr. Palmer's picture, though elaborated to smallness, preserves a soft refinement of colour and a considerable feeling for atmosphere. Work as delicate as this, or as Mr. E. Wake Cooke's "Clevedon from the Hobby" (167), cannot be lightly condemned, though it would be doubtless more effective if treated personally, and with a view to a broader and more striking general aspect. Mr. Conway Lloyd Jones, in "A Rainy Afternoon" (72) and "A Towing Path" (75), has succeeded in getting good values and a sense of open air; Mr. G. R. Burnett, in "Ploughing" (81), is generally broad and telling in his treatment. Mr. Carlaw has hit the true aspect of the stormy scene in his drawing "In Danger—East Bay, Helensburgh" (192); and Mr. C. E. Hern in "Study of a Stack Barge" (177) has treated a natural effect in strong rich colour. Amongst other good things of a solid realistic sort are Mr. L. O'Brien's "Lake Louise" (187), Mr. P. Ghent's "Sunny Morning on the Conway" (74), Mr. Russell Dawson's "On the Shore" (189), Mr. J. Knight's "October Day" (97), and Mr. C. J. Adams's "Sands near Criccieth" (18). Artistic feeling is more particularly shown in certain other works. Mrs. Heathcote gives proof of an original study of different kinds of effects of light in her imaginative and poetical sketches "Plain below Assisi" (99) and "Interior of Church" (181). Mr. F. G. Giampetri's work, "Beneath the Portico of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina" (142), and "Crypto Porticus in Caligula's Palace" (194), possesses the firm stylish elegance of mature art. Mr. Burnett Stuart deals in classic sentiment and warm decorative colour in "Jaffa" (178), "Jerusalem from the Road to Bethany" (261), "The Dead Sea from Jericho" (268), &c. Mr. Donne's Alpine scenes are well composed, and the same may be said of pictures by Miss Kate Macaulay and by Messrs. R. A. K. Marshall and J. Webb. Good intelligent work that we cannot mention in detail comes from Messrs. A. G. Bell, D. Green, L. Pocock, F. Burgess, Rapetti, F. C. Nightingale, from Miss Rose Barton, and from Miss Edith Somerville.

A good deal of honest endeavour may be seen in the Exhibition of the Nineteenth Century Art Society. Much of it is crude and

uneducated work without doubt, but fortunately very little belongs to the category of unconscious and clever facility. Landscapes outnumber figure paintings here, and small canvases big; but we have one large picture, at any rate, to speak of with decided approval. Mr. J. Olsson's imaginative landscape "Quivering Light" (224) is as good as anything in the gallery. The painter has chosen the same effect of early morning light that he treated in his picture exhibited in this gallery last year. He shows a serious improvement, however, in values and all the realistic side of his work. The quality of the blue of early dawn has been well observed, and the amount of relative definition of objects carefully considered. Artistic observation and refined colour are to be seen in some smaller works, and notably in Mr. Yglesias' "Walberswick" (44), with its lucid moving sky, rich green grass, and fine aerial distance; in the soft grey, umbry tones of Mr. R. West's "Riviera Washing Place" (201) and "Sketch in the Dapple" (34); in Mr. Blackman's soft, yet precise, "Evening: near Venice" (27); and in Miss Sheffield's simple and dignified sketch "Walberswick" (195), unfortunately skinned. Mr. Archibald Webb draws and paints agreeably and artistically in "Rotherhithe" (32), though he is inclined to take a conventional view of the general aspect of nature. He obtains colour of pleasant decorative quality, as does Miss B. A. Brown in a "Study of a Corner of Old Chelsea" (185\*). Flowers and pines are treated in a workmanlike manner by Mr. H. Franck in "Summer in Surrey" (55); a bridge and still water with some elegance by Mr. R. M. Chevalier in "On the River Mole" (202); and the sea by Mr. P. F. Walker with force and reality in "A Sou' Wester" (196). A certain dash and ease characterize Mr. Norton's "Dutch Fishing Boats" (174), Mr. Corner's "Towards Home" (98), and Mr. Yeend King's "October" (152). As most deserving of notice among the painters of the figure we may mention Messrs. Edgar Anderson, Izzard, and Dunsmore. Water-colours as usual abound, and some are good, such as Mr. M. Tuke's silvery-grey note "Inspecting Falmouth Pilot Boats" (291), his "On Board the Old Brigantine" (329), which recalls Mr. H. S. Tuke's excellent oil in last Academy; Mr. A. H. Foster's pleasing "After Rain" (338); Miss K. Macaulay's strong and bright sketches, "Laying down Lobster-pots" (327) and "Among the Hills" (328); Miss N. Davison's fresh-looking "Stranded" (313); and work by Messrs. J. M. Mackintosh, W. J. Boddy, R. H. Nibbs, David Green, and some others.

## DRAMATIC RECORD.

THE plot of the one-act piece by Messrs. Bellingham and Best, entitled *Darby and Joan*, which was produced at Terry's Theatre last Saturday afternoon is simple enough. The curtain rises upon a scene representing a cosy old-fashioned parlour, wherein we discover Admiral Darby and his wife Joan, discussing by the fireside the propriety of an alliance between their granddaughter Joan and a certain "young" Darby, a poor naval lieutenant. The Admiral, for good reasons, is opposed to the wedding, whereas his wife is entirely in its favour, and consequently uses her persuasive powers to change her husband's mind. But it is not until the excellent couple fall asleep, as it seems, in their after-dinner custom, in their favourite chairs, and dream of their own courtship fifty years ago, when the course of true love ran the reverse of smoothly with them, and wake up again, with the vision of their happy past still before them, that the matter of the disputed wedding is amicably settled. The dream is shown in action. Mr. Terry and Miss Clara Cowper, who impersonate Darby and Joan, by a clever arrangement of their seats, which are turned with their ample backs to the audience, contrive to slip out and effect behind the scenes what is known as a "quick change," so that presently Mr. Terry re-enters, in a naval costume of the early days of the century, as young Darby, and is seen stealing over the balcony into the apartment, and Miss Cowper, as young Joan, attired in the garments of our grandmothers, receives him in her arms, and they forthwith make ardent love to each other, and go through a passionate leave-taking; for young Darby must be on board his ship within the hour; but he swears before he parts eternal fidelity to his sweetheart, just as old Darby did half a century before to good Dame Joan. The piece, which we commend to amateurs, is gracefully written, and it is, on the whole, very well acted. Mr. Terry appears, however, to much greater advantage as old Darby than he does as the more youthful edition of that venerable sailor. Miss Cowper, on the other hand, is delightfully prim as the handsome, grey-haired Dame Joan, and she also looks and acts very prettily as the young girl. The chief defect of this piece, in an artistic sense, is that the "quick-change" business, which, after all, is a trick, deprives it of much of its sentiment, the attention of the audience being much more occupied with the manner in which the rapid disguises are effected than with acting.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's *Sunset*, performed for the first time at the Comedy Theatre on Monday evening last as a *lever de rideau*, met with some success. It is founded, "by permission," on a poem by Lord Tennyson, called "The Sisters," which must not be confounded with the more popular poem of the same name. It is a pity Mr. Jerome K. Jerome did not adhere more faithfully to Lord Tennyson's work, for he has rather diminished the interest of his little drama by the introduction of uninteresting characters, who are supposed to be north-country folk, and who distinguish them-

selves by talking of what is not in any way connected with the story, sometimes in a northern accent, and sometimes in a London drawing-room drawl. They were at their best but poor padding. The scenes between the two girls, who unknown to each other are in love with the same man, are prettily written; and the last, in which the elder sister discovers how deep-rooted is her sister Joan's passion for the hero, and announces her determination to sacrifice herself by persuading the lovers that her heart is still untouched, is so well contrived that it saved the fortunes of the piece, which was admirably acted by Miss Casy Grahame and Miss Cudmore. The minor characters, hero included, have so very little to do, that it is scarcely fair to mention their work at all, especially as it was not particularly interesting. The night on which this piece was produced saw the popular *Arabian Nights* reach its hundredth performance.

Yet another one-act play, *The Postscript*, was produced on Tuesday at the Prince of Wales Theatre. The author is Mr. F. Hamilton Knight, a young actor, whose experience of the stage was evident in the neat manner in which his work is constructed. It is written with a good deal of skill and elegance. The plot deals with the self-inflicted sorrows of a pretty young English girl, named Marjorie Fleming, who somehow or other has got herself engaged against her will to her guardian, an Indian Colonel, who, however, in due time discovers that she is in love with a very nice young gentleman of her own age, who has recently heroically saved her life from a terrible fire. The Colonel, however, in a letter kindly tells Miss Fleming that she is quite free to marry Harold Treherne if she likes, but odd to relate he gives her this pleasing information in the postscript, which she does not read until the very last scene of the play, a neglectful act, which leads her into considerable trouble. Fortunately, Mr. Knight had secured the services of those two excellent actresses, Miss Norreys and Miss Enson, who acted charmingly. Mr. Brandon Thomas was a rather stiff and formal Colonel, and Mr. Lewis Waller a somewhat lackadaisical lover.

The new comedy in four acts, *His Romance*, which was put upon the stage at a matinée at the Olympic on Thursday, is an adaptation of a comedy by Herr Michael Klapp which is very popular in Germany. It contains several well-written scenes, and the dialogue is frequently amusing. The plot, however, is a mere thread upon which has been hung an amazing amount of well-contrived, but often superfluous, trivial incident. The Duke of Lovebrook's son, the Marquess of Hilton, has been affianced to a young lady he has never seen. In order that he may sow his wild oats before marrying her, he is sent on a Continental tour with his tutor, Major Rosenkrantz. The Countess of Southmoore, the mother of the young lady, fearing that she may lose him as a desirable son-in-law, starts off with her daughter in pursuit, and arrives at the same hotel on the borders of a Swiss lake. But the young gentleman in the meantime has fallen in love with Miss Sybil Baring, and determines to evade the scheming Countess and the Lady Clara, by pretending to be an actor. Hence arise some comical situations, and many which the adapter possibly imagines are such. In the end all comes right; the Marquess marries Miss Baring, and his confederate, the Major, wins the heart of Lady Clara. There is altogether too little material in this piece for four acts. It chanced that the performance, which was under the supervision of Mr. Henry Neville, was exceedingly good, and therefore the piece went with spirit and proved sufficiently amusing to warrant the applause with which it was received. It served to introduce a new actor, Mr. Meyrick Milton, who has much in his favour. He has youth, a pleasant appearance, a nice voice, and acts agreeably. Miss Norreys, as the heroine, was very quaint and fascinating, provoking a good deal of laughter by her artless delivery of slightly risqué speeches. Miss Agnes Verity, as Sybil, was also excellent. Mr. Bassett Roe was made up to look like a highly respectable, old-fashioned Duke, and Mr. Brandon Thomas was a gentlemanly Major, after the kind affected by Mr. Bancroft.

The season of French plays at the Royalty Theatre is marked by much variety, and it is due to M. Mayer to say that the performances have been on the whole of an interesting and creditable description. Mme. Mary Albert and M. Morlet, fair representatives of the lighter French opera, have gone, and the stage has lately been occupied with *Mam'zelle Nitouche*, in which an actress new to England, Mlle. Wittmann, was the principal figure.

The original Denise de Flavigny, when *Mam'zelle Nitouche* was first given at the Variétés five years ago, was Mme. Judic, and she is imitable. To a certain extent the part is easy. Mlle. Wittmann, a pleasant actress, is well able to indicate the demeanour of the schoolgirl in the presence of the Superior, her slyness, and the love of adventurous fun which is veiled under an aspect of strict propriety. Mme. Judic possesses extraordinary finesse, and without any sort of effort gives point to what are apparently the simplest remarks; she has, indeed, a veritable genius for such characters. Mlle. Wittmann is without the artful artlessness of her distinguished predecessor, but she is agreeably vivacious, and sings M. Hervé's music as well as her limited means allow—for they are, in truth, very limited. M. Dekernel's aptitude enables him to get safely through any reasonable task, but he is not well placed as Célestin. M. Dekernel is primarily a vocalist, and as it may be presumed that the part was written for M. Baron, it is obvious why Célestin's music is of the simplest description. An admirably adroit comedian, M. Baron has no voice. M. Feroumont plays the Major, Comte de Château Gibus, who is attached to Corinne, the leading actress in the opera of M. Floridor, it being Corinne's flight from the theatre in a moment of pique that makes

it necessary to requisition the services of Denise. M. Feroumont does what is probably the wisest thing he can do, and that is to imitate M. Christian. M. Christian was remarkably successful in catching the tone and manner of the Ramollot type of field officer, and this study M. Feroumont fairly reproduces. The performance is generally entertaining.

We are happy to join in the acknowledgments which have been made of the improvement in *Partners* at the Haymarket. Mr. Buchanan's dramatic perception is limited, and it is a pity that Mr. Beerbohm Tree did not do what was necessary to be done before the drama was first acted; however, it is now cut and revised, and the result is satisfactory. As regards the acting there is also improvement. Mr. Tree has reconsidered his study of Borgfeldt, and the result is to strengthen the character. The man's simplicity of heart constitutes his chief charm, and this is not inconsistent with a moderately well fitting coat and a head of hair not wholly strange to brush and comb. In truth, Mr. Tree has made what is, after all, a very little change. He is somewhat neater, and he has to some slight extent softened his German accent; but the advantage gained is considerable. We no longer feel that Borgfeldt is an incongruous figure in his own house. Sincerity, tenderness, and emotional strength are notable features of Mr. Tree's performance. Mr. Charles Brookfield's Bellair could not have been better than it was, and cannot be better than it is. The young actor's versatility, the finish by which every character he undertakes is marked, and the fresh humour with which it is rendered, place him high in the front rank of comedians. Miss Marion Terry's Claire has gained in impressiveness. The play of *Cupid's Messenger* has been added to the programme. Of the *débutante*, Miss Freake, we shall hope to speak in terms of praise in the future.

#### IN THE TWO HOUSES.

**E**VIDENCES of Mr. Gladstone's peculiar method of managing his party were visible in the Upper no less than in the Lower House on the first night of the Session. The Leader of the Opposition in the Lords was apparently altogether unprepared for his colleague's ostentatious waving of the white flag in the Commons. Lord Granville's speech was framed in strict conformity with old-fashioned precedent; and, accordingly, while Mr. Gladstone was complimenting Ministers on the judicious selection of their legislative programme, he was himself engaged in a laboured attempt to demonstrate to them that every article of their last year's legislation has turned out a more or less complete failure. Abstractedly speaking, there is, of course, no inconsistency between these two positions. It is in theory conceivable that a Government who, according to Lord Granville, have not even succeeded in passing a satisfactory Mines Regulation Bill should be able to fulfil Mr. Gladstone's professed hopes of a "distinguished" Session by successfully coping with the large and difficult question of County Government. But things which are theoretically conceivable may be practically most improbable, and the tone of Lord Granville's speech would undeniably have been in closer harmony with that of Mr. Gladstone's, if he had been a little less anxious to represent the Government as a set of hopelessly incapable legislators. Nor was he much happier in his excursions into foreign policy. Even if Prince Bismarck's account of his services to Russia at the Berlin Congress had been inconsistent with Lord Salisbury's estimate of the success of our plenipotentiaries in maintaining English interests, the personal views of the German Chancellor would not have had any necessary claim to be accepted as the final deliverance of history on the matter. But in point of fact there is no such inconsistency between the opinions of the two statesmen; and it argues a certain lapse of dialectical acuteness on Lord Granville's part to have supposed that there was. To say that Prince Bismarck successfully seconded all the efforts of Russian policy so far as he was acquainted with its aims is not the same thing as saying that all those aims were attained.

On Mr. Gladstone's opening speech we have already commented. Histrionically speaking it left nothing to be desired. It would have been impossible to recognize the reckless and unscrupulous stump-orator of the recess under the well-draped disguise of the grave and moderate statesman, so tenderly solicitous of equity in criticism that he hesitated even to reassert the opinions to which he is irretrievably committed without first inquiring whether any statistics were forthcoming to demolish them. Nevertheless we are disposed to think that those militant members of his party whom his pacific attitude has disappointed may take courage. The debate of the following Monday quite sufficed to show that the old Adam is not altogether crucified with his affections and lusts. We do not apprehend that Mr. Gladstone's new-born desire for a Session of real work will prevent his lending a hand to any attempt to waste the time and exasperate the temper of Parliament which may be extemporized hereafter, as occasion serves, by his Parnellite allies. Moreover, it must be remembered that Mr. Gladstone's attendance in the House is likely to be at least as intermittent as it was last Session; and that, in his absence, his promises of co-operation with the Government will probably be interpreted by Sir William Harcourt in the same liberal spirit which animated his wholly gratuitous intervention on Monday last. On that occasion a debate which was on the point of expiring of itself was prolonged by his public-spirited efforts for a couple of hours. The resumption of the debate on the Ad-

dress was marked by a speech from Mr. Parnell, in moving his Amendment, which, together with Mr. Balfour's speech on the Friday evening, may fairly be taken, as we point out elsewhere, to contain the gist of the whole controversy on the Crimes Act and its administration in Ireland. Equality of merit cannot, however, be predicated of the two performances. Mr. Parnell has often been more plausible in argument and more impressive in point of rhetoric than he succeeded in being last Monday night. Mr. Balfour, on the other hand, was in his best debating form, and left to Mr. Morley, who followed, a task with which that now practised debater could but imperfectly cope.

The discussion as continued after the speeches of Mr. Parnell can hardly be described as profitable; but it has been distinctly less tedious than has been usual with debates on the Address in recent years. Perhaps the exhaustion of some of the regular Parliamentary performers by their extraordinary efforts during the recess has left the field clear for others who do not usually succeed in obtaining so early a hearing. Mr. T. W. Russell, for instance, has seldom had so good an opportunity as that which presented itself to him last Tuesday night, and of which he made such excellent use. It is perhaps to be regretted, however, that Colonel Saunderson, who always infuses liveliness into a debate, and who might well have been reserved to supply the antidote of comedy to the melodrama of Mr. O'Brien or Mr. Dillon, should have spoken on the same night as Mr. Russell. Bearing in mind, however, that the debate was resumed that night by Sir George Trevelyan, whose speech consisted almost wholly of a disquisition on the novel thesis that the Crimes Act is aimed at political combination, instead of the offences to which "Lord Spencer and I" confined our attention, it was, no doubt, desirable that every attempt should be made to lighten the course of subsequent discussion. And from this point of view the thanks of the House and the public are undoubtedly due to Sir Charles Russell for his explanation—the poverty of the language compels us to use the word—of the Dopping incident. The fact of his having advised Mr. Gladstone to apologize to Colonel Dopping even before he was requested to do so by the Colonel's solicitors is one of a deeply interesting character; but, after all, it only serves to whet one's curiosity to know what Sir Charles Russell thought of Mr. Gladstone's apology when it appeared, and whether he, like all the rest of us, is still puzzling over the question of what is the "purpose" of presenting an "unloaded" gun at a "boy, in the full sense of the word," and how a policeman can prevent the marksman from "fulfilling" that purpose by striking up that weapon.

The proceedings in the Lords since the voting of the Address have been devoid of public interest; and the prolongation of the debate on the Address in the Commons has, as usual, deprived it of any interest which it may have originally possessed. Mr. O'Brien's speech, however, of Thursday night was in its own way a curiosity, especially to the watchful student of the manners of the leading Parnellites, and the amused spectator of the desperate competition which is continually going on among the half-dozen members of the general's staff. The operation of this spirit of rivalry is comically noticeable in the case of Mr. O'Brien. That aspiring gentleman evidently feels that his hour has come. Mr. Sexton has not yet fully recovered from his recent illness. The astonishingly rapid (and studiously advertised) growth of Mr. Healy's professional practice—"Sawyer, late Nockemorff—what a business that young man has!"—detains him still in Dublin. Mr. T. P. O'Connor will doubtless be distracted by editorial duties. But Mr. O'Brien has just come out of prison the "idol of the Irish people," and now is evidently his time to assert his true place in Parliament. Accordingly he has at once "come out" as an orator of the "impassioned" and "withering" variety, a master of the alternate shriek and whisper, a gesticulator with the levelled and menacing forefinger, a professor, in short, of all those arts of third-rate transpontine melodrama which do duty nowadays for the rhetorical graces of the old Irish Parliament. Mr. O'Brien has entirely discarded his former style of speaking, which was effective enough in the frigidly acrid style, and has borrowed an entirely new eloquence manner, in part, perhaps, of his own invention, but quite evidently suggested, as regards its most fantastic tricks, by imperfect recollections of some of the more eccentric mannerisms of Mr. Irving. In this strain he held forth on Thursday night for two stricken hours to the enthusiastic delight of the Irish members around him, and sometimes—usually in the more strikingly Jacobinical passages—of the English Radicals below him. How the Gladstonians below the gangway comport themselves towards Mr. O'Brien and his stage heroics is, perhaps, a matter of little moment. But the spectacle of their leader—all eyes and ears, half-turned on his seat that he might lose no word or gesture—the spectacle, we say, of Mr. Gladstone listening, apparently in breathless admiration, to this paltry fustian, and drinking in great draughts of coarse flattery from the lips which but yesterday were pouring out before him a torrent of insult and contumely, was, indeed, a sorry sight.

#### CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

**T**HE Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace began again on the 11th of the month. The programme was chiefly of modern music, more fit to occupy the minds of professors than to soothe the savage breast. Mozart's enchanting *Symphony in E Flat*

was set like a gem in the middle—a stately lady amidst a herd of advanced women. Wagner's *Overture to Faust* (in D minor) stood first on the list. It is a long work, consisting of a deep gloomy "Introduction" in slow time, and an "Allegro" conceived with more reticence and respect for a purely musical unity of feeling than is common with Wagner. It belongs, in fact, to the class of picturesque rather than of operatic overtures, and if not regular in form, it depends on a formal and not a dramatic connexion of ideas. It possesses plenty of marked melody, and the flowing themes on the oboe and flute are full of beauty, and stand in advantageous contrast to the fiery energy of the strings in quavers. A savage kind of grandeur is often obtained without undue noise, though elsewhere there is plenty of it. The performance was an excellent one, in spite of some slight discordance in the wind at the outset.

We have spoken of Mr. Franz Ondricek's playing on former occasions, so that we may be content to say generally that he was well suited to the task he undertook of introducing Mr. Dvorák's *Concerto for Violin* (Op. 53) to the Crystal Palace audience. By his brilliant technical powers and his spirited manner of playing he is amply qualified to bring out all its beauties. These are numerous, in spite of a certain meaninglessness in the figures, which in the first movement almost reaches the point of dulness and incoherence. The composer has not managed to impress any *ensemble* of feeling on his work. He flows on in pretty passages for the instrument, pleasantly enough it is true, but with something of the aimless rippling of a river on its banks. The "Andante" improves in this respect, and shows a fine quality of pathos and simple, direct melody. Mr. F. Ondricek played it with sentiment and yet with sufficient firmness. Curious and beautiful effects of wood wind, horn, and trumpet occur in the orchestral accompaniment, and simple melody is well relieved by passages of greater elaboration. The "Finale" no more than the "Andante" suffers from dulness. It sparkles with quaint and charming effects of instrumentation for horn, drum, &c., and Mr. Ondricek gave point and piquancy to its spirited dancing tunes and effective changes of accent and rhythm. Mr. Ondricek showed his power and fluency, however, in less artistic fields than the Concerto by his brilliant execution of the gymnastic feats of Laub's "Rondo" and Paganini's "Witches' Dance," which last he gave in obedience to a recall. Tchaikowski's "Sérénade Mélancolique," another solo, was too long and too consistently lugubrious to be agreeable. It is difficult to imagine any one enduring the dreary, shapeless wailing of such a "Serenade" when they might enliven or silence the performer with a jug of water. Mr. Charles Banks replaced Mr. Sims Reeves, who was too ill to sing; but, unfortunately, his excellent voice was hardly at its best, owing, we believe, to a cold. Nevertheless, he rendered Mendelssohn's Recitative and Air "If with all your hearts" and Sullivan's "Distant Shore" with taste and refinement.

The Symphony, as we have said, was Mozart's, in E flat, one of the most enduring monuments of musical art. During the hundred years of its existence, in spite of the many innovations in music, this work has probably lost none of its beauty or effect. Nothing can put it out of fashion; because no one has ever composed, in a strictly classic style, with such an easy inspiration as Mozart. The performance, fortunately, was worthy of the work, and the orchestra played with intelligent conscientiousness and with more enthusiasm than in any other part of the programme. That breadth of reading which Mr. Manns always aims at showed its effect in the dignity and massive majesty of the beginning. The lovely swaying grace of the first theme and the active supple gait of the second subject were excellently rendered, and a great part of the good impression of the movement was due to the solid body and fine *ensemble* of the strings. The "Andante," a most popular movement, was also admirably played. Mr. Manns and his orchestra mapped out with clearness and delicacy the charmingly natural intricacies of the counterpoint. The movement under such playing passes through its evolutions, learned as they are, with a most gracious and easy stateliness. Breadth and dignity were well kept up in the familiar Minuet; there might have been perhaps with advantage a little more lightness in the treatment of the suave Raphaelesque flow of the "Trio." Sustained throughout with admirable spirit and intelligent care in detail the final "Allegro" produced an irresistible effect of gaiety and grace. It would be difficult, on the other hand, to speak with much enthusiasm of the performance of Weber's *Invitation to the Waltz*, set for orchestra by Berlioz, which brought the concert to an end. We have often heard it given by a far inferior orchestra with more point and daintiness.

## REVIEWS.

### THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE MAORI.

THERE is no more mysterious and interesting people than the Maoris of New Zealand. Before the European settlement this chivalrous, though cannibal, race was living in the Age of Stone. Yet they had a highly-organized society, and records of

\* *The Ancient History of the Maori*. By John White. Government Press, Wellington, New Zealand.

extreme antiquity and value. Of these records (purely oral), examples have been published by Sir George Grey, by the Rev. Richard Taylor, and by Bastian. Mr. White has now made a fresh collection of the mythical hymns and histories. The book appeals only to students, but for them it has the deepest interest.

Mr. White has printed the various versions given by various priests of the old faith. It was the duty of those men not only to remember the venerable legends, but to impart them with the utmost exactness to chosen hearers, who, again, handed them down unimpaired to a younger generation. The correctness of the tradition was maintained under superstitious sanctions (even now there are passages which the more or less Christianized doctors will not divulge to Europeans), and also by the supervision of the oldest and most learned of the initiate. The teaching was conducted with every circumstance of solemnity and taboo. Thus the whole process of securing accurate transmission may be compared to the modes by which the Vedas were preserved in the memory of the Brahmanic caste in India. An extreme minuteness of ritual and sacrifice in connexion with these lessons may also remind us of Indian practice. Nor are the traditions of the beginnings of Gods and men and of the world, of the Deluge, of the origin of death, at all inferior to the fables of the Brahmanas on the same topics; while the meditative hymns may be compared for sublimity and purity to that famous poem, *Rig Veda*, i. 129.

How, or when, or where the Maoris developed their systematic treatment of traditions and myths which they share with the rest of mankind is a matter for conjecture. Hints of an Indian origin have been ventured; but the subject is not discussed by Mr. White in this volume, nor do we propose to add a guess of our own.

It is a peculiarity of the present collection that it is almost silent about Maui, the Maori "culture-hero"; while its Cosmogonic legends resemble the Cronus myth in Hesiod much less closely than do the versions in Grey and Taylor. Examples of this will be given. But first the reader must remember that the Maoris have been, of all known backward races, the most metaphysical. Their grasp of abstract conceptions is astonishing, and it may be said that Heraclitus or Parmenides would have felt at home in the terminology of Maori philosophy. Thus Mr. White gives the word *Tua* as a term "limitless in meaning—namely, 'Behind that which is most distant,' 'Behind all matter,' and 'Behind every action';" it also means "the essence of worship." Yet while possessed of such notions, the Maoris in their myths represent heaven and earth as beings with personal powers and passions. Their divine genealogies are on a par with those of Hesiod and the Orphic poems; and they have no scruple in recording divine weddings with the lower animals and bestial ancestries of the families of men. These features of their mythology are precisely akin to similar absurdities among Greeks and Bushmen. We may say with the philosophical editor of the *Cabinet des Fées* in the last century that a similar ignorance everywhere produced similar stories. But whether the metaphysical hymns or the mythical *contes* are the older, or whether they are of contemporary origin, though springing from different moods and faculties of mind, we cannot decide. But it may be observed that as the foolish and disgusting fables are what we find *semper, et ubique, et ab omnibus*, while the Eleatic metaphysics are all but peculiar to the Maoris (the Amautas in Peru lived in a higher civilization), it is probable that the myths are the earlier, while the metaphysical hymns are the fruit of later priestly reflection. This is plausible, because we do not (as far as our knowledge goes) find anything parallel to Maori metaphysics among races that do not possess an organized hereditary learned and priestly class. Such a class existed among the Maoris, and the hymns and *te-poi λόγοι* were handed on from eldest son to eldest son. Now a society—say that of Australians or Bushmen—which has not developed any special hereditary learned class is undeniably less advanced, less differentiated, nearer the beginning than a society like that of the Maoris. The less differentiated society does possess the wild myths, as the Greeks and Maoris also do, but does not possess the reflective and metaphysical hymns. These belong to Quichuas, Egyptians, Indians, Maoris, peoples which have an organized meditative and sacerdotal hierarchy. Thus it does appear as if the wild tales were the more primitive, while the abstract conceptions are the fruit of special philosophic reflection.

Mr. White's account of the scholastic ritual of instruction and of "The School of Mythology and History," with the sacrifices and ceremonies, should be read by all students of early races (pp. 8-13). There is also an astronomical school, and a school of agriculture, including lessons in applied magic.

As for the Cosmogonic legends, they vary, more or less, in the versions of various tribes. In Darkness, the Divine (Atua) began his chant of creation, singing how Dark begat Light, and thereafter came a long string of mystic genealogies in the Orphic taste. Among the mythical parents is Raki (dry), some of whose children "dragged mankind down to death." This Raki had an intrigue with Papa-tu-a-nuku, who was the wife of Taka (Tanga-roa). *Cherchez la femme*, says the sage; here she is! This affair of Papa led to trouble, and, in fact, was the Maori Fall. In Raki we may recognize the Rangi of Taylor's version, while Papa-tu-a-nuku is his Papa. They are Heaven and Earth. Originally united, like Ouranos and Gaia, in an embrace which darkened earth and their offspring, they were violently severed (Taylor) or, after Taka had speared Rangi, they were thoughtfully thrust apart, in a kindly spirit, by their children. This answers

to the mutilation of Ouranos by his son Cronos, and his consequent withdrawal into the heights of air. Thus from the priestly metaphysics we suddenly drop into the popular myths. This particular tale is known in the Brahmanas, where Indra takes the part of Tane the Separator. It is very common in the Pacific islands. Tane decorated Raki by sticking the stars all over him, as the Wolf did in a myth of the Navajoes (Schoolcraft, iv. 89). In one tribal version, at least, Raki requested Tane to lift him up (p. 47). In others (Taylor) the Maori Cronos, as in Greece, is reproached for cruelty. The incantation chanted at the divorce is published by Mr. White (p. 50).

Of the Deluge-myth there are variants. Ta-Whaki causes it (p. 55) by stamping on the floor of heaven till it cracked, the result being the same as when the windows of the heavens were opened. Much more elaborate versions are given (p. 172). Men increased and became wicked. Theological teaching by Parawhenua was neglected, and even ridiculed. The teacher made a raft, and uttered incantations to heaven; Rangi or Raki, then, with some birds and some women, got on board the raft, and the Deluge came. All the scoffers were drowned. The Maori Noah, or Manu, landed when the flood subsided, and found not only that the wicked were dead, but that the earth had changed its appearance. Mr. Howorth will be pleased to hear that "Puta caused the commotion which overthrew the earth, so that the animals of this world" (e.g. the Mammoth) "and the birds and the Moa and others of the same kind were destroyed." Thus the Maoris anticipated Mr. Howorth's theory of the Moa. The Ritual practised after the Flood still survives (p. 175). This appears a very strong proof that the legend is pre-Christian, and in essentials at least not derived from the missionaries.

The myth of the making of man out of clay recurs frequently. The making of woman, and how she became the wife of her fashioner, and how, when she knew this, she fled to Death, reminds one of the similar Brahmanic myth of Purusha (Muir, *Ancient Sanskrit Texts*, i. 25; *Satapatha Brahmana*, xiv. 4, 2). In Maori this daughter-wife became Hine-nin-te-po, "great daughter of darkness," she who finally swallowed Maui, and caused the origin and universality of death. But the Maori cycle is not given in Mr. White's volume. The fable that an aquatic plant engendered the red clay whence man was made, or grew, reminds one of the Zulu myth that man came out of a bed of reeds. Tane married a tree, and his children were trees. He then made a woman out of mud and sand to be his wife.

Mr. White prints his Maori text in the original, and gives genealogical tables of the gods. His work is the fruit of many years of labour spent in collecting the holy legends from the learned class. Just in time he has come; and we look forward with much pleasure to the later volumes of a work which should be in every library of myth, religion, folklore, and ethnology. He will conclude with a Maori dictionary. Most of his old Maori friends are gone on the dim way to Po—the place of the departed. They were "men of noble and heroic spirit, who, while they acknowledged and dreaded the malignant power of the gods of their fathers, yet dared to disclose some of their sacred lore to one of an alien race."

#### NOVELS.\*

THERE is, of course, no reason in the nature of things why a devout lover should not be silly. But when Mrs. Lovett Cameron depicts her specimen of the class as dull, commonplace, and prosaic, she makes a very large draft upon the patience and the crudity of her readers. Geoffrey Dane had a strange way of illustrating his devotion, though his methods of displaying love were more like those of ordinary mortals. He was a nice young man, and the son of a clergyman; but he would not go to church on Sunday. He smoked a pipe out of doors instead, and while he was smoking it a lady passed him reading a book. Of course she dropped the book, and of course he picked the book up, and their eyes met, and all the rest of it. The lady was married, but her husband had got into trouble, and was conveniently kept out of sight. When Léon Bréfour does emerge from obscurity he exhibits a disagreeable, private-madhouse sort of manner, which proves him to be a better subject for a medical treatise than for a work of fiction. The first time that Geoffrey called upon Mme. Bréfour she gave him a lecture upon the resources of literature, which ended in the following manner:—"Down upon his knees at the side of her chair had sunk Geoffrey Dane, with the white hand that had been reached out to him fast imprisoned in his own. He kissed it, as men have kissed the hands of the kings to whose cause they have devoted themselves. And then, at the touch of his hot young lips upon her hand, all the womanliness and the feminine purity awoke in her." They were an odd pair of qualities, and it is remarkable that their awakening should

\* *A Devout Lover*. A Novel. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron, Author of "In a Grass Country" &c. 3 vols. London: White & Co.

*Tracked*. A Story in Two Volumes. By M. A. Curtis, Author of "The Story of Meg" &c. London: Remington & Co.

*Seth's Brother's Wife*. A Novel. By Harold Frederic. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

*His Sisters*. By Herbert P. Earl. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

*The Plan of Campaign: a Story of the Fortune of War*. By F. Mabel Robinson, Author of "Disenchantment" &c. 2 vols. Vizetelly & Co.

have been precisely simultaneous. But the slumbers of the latter any rate, were not disturbed a moment too soon. Mr. Geoffrey Dane's behaviour was rather abrupt, and we have never heard that kings, constitutional or otherwise, were embarrassed by the "hot young lips" of their subjects. We venture to give Mrs. Cameron a piece of advice. She has another of these passionately proper scenes in her book, and both are equally absurd. French novelists are not guilty of these inconsistencies and incongruities. They sin boldly, like Luther, or they let the dangerous subject alone. To write amorous scenes for girls' schools is happily an impossible task, and attempts to perform it are ridiculous. After his rapid descent upon the floor Geoffrey Dane abode within the bounds of moderation, and flirted in a quiet, gentlemanly, rather boring manner. But we must say that the romance of his life is very feeble. While not disclosing the end of it, we may state, without any breach of confidence, that he marries somebody else at the chaste instigation of Mme. Bréfour herself, who is the only person in *A Devout Lover* possessing the slightest claim to be called devout. We frankly confess that this sort of sloppy philandering, this confusion of morality with external decorum, strikes us as rather nauseous. It is all very well for Mrs. Cameron to enunciate the lofty maxim that "marriage, from whatsoever cause on earth save that of love alone, is an outrage against nature and a sin against God." Example is better than precept, and everybody in *A Devout Lover* is more or less violating Alfred de Musset's warning by playing with love. When Mr. Geoffrey Dane was married to Miss Angel Halliday, each of them was enamoured of another, and the gentleman who begins his career by courting Miss Halliday's sister ends it by making a declaration to Mr. Geoffrey Dane's wife. These complications of maudlin sentimentality are imperfectly relieved by the melodramatic villainy of Geoffrey's wicked uncle, who bullies his lawful wife and quails before his illegitimate son, whose conversation is as tedious as his schemes are preposterous, and who would be hissed off the boards by any theatrical audience that respected itself. Nor is the bad young man, the sneak and coward who plots against the virtuous Geoffrey, a brilliant success in portraiture. Albert Trichet is a mere caricature, and Mrs. Cameron might have invented some more refined form of punishment for his impertinence than the fastening of a bulldog upon his nose. Refinement, indeed, is not Mrs. Cameron's forte, as may be gathered not only from many incidents and remarks in her book, but also from her statement that "Time, the great auctioneer, brought down his hammer with an irrevocable thump." We must now leave *A Devout Lover* to the tender mercies of the great auctioneer.

*Tracked* describes, and indeed consists, of the career of a boy who, after suddenly changing from an apparently irredeemable blackguard into an impossibly quixotic hero, perishes tragically at the age of seventeen. Geoffrey is the son of a "gentleman"—the legitimate son, we may add—but is disavowed by his father on absurdly inadequate grounds, and left to shift for himself at a very early age. The moral of *Tracked* is unexceptionable. Rich men who "marry beneath them" ought neither to quarrel with their wives nor to disown their children. Moreover, since Geoffrey was capriciously deprived of his natural protectors, he ought to have been sent to a Board school at the expense of the ratepayers. But, while the motives of the author are excellent, her method of acting upon them leaves much to be desired. In straining after contrasts she forgets probability, and creates a world of her own which is neither actual nor ideal. Violence is not strength, or, to translate the abstract into the concrete, inferior novelists should beware of imitating *Wuthering Heights*. When the author of *Tracked* wishes to be effective, she has recourse to physical brutality, and the wretched little Willy Gibson receives a thrashing, or Geoffrey spoils somebody's features, or somebody else strikes Geoffrey across the face with a whip. These incidents are repulsive, and there is nothing to redeem them in the manner of their narration. Floggings should not be minutely delineated, except when, as in the case of Mr. Squeers, the reader feels that he would like to have been present, and even to have assisted at the performance. The one really good thing in the book is Geoffrey's elopement with the sister of the man he had assaulted, his tardy repentance, and her return home. That is certainly well done, and Farmer Gibson's reception of his daughter has the ring of genuine pathos. The foolish craze for savagery and blood which plays such havoc with modern fiction has spoiled *Tracked*; for it cannot be denied that the writer has talent to spoil. Her style can be dramatically powerful at times, though she has a most irritating way of employing asterisks when there is nothing which requires suppression, while putting in much description of blows and wounds that might as well, or better, have been suppressed. The following sentence may be set as a prize puzzle to intelligent youth or as a model of the way in which England should not be written:—"Left childless a little before his marriage, he would never have married if he had known of that before." The language of novelists is not, like the language of diplomats, intended to conceal their thoughts. Mr. Audley, however, to whom these enigmatical words apply, is a wholly unaccountable person, whose conduct always borders on the imbecile, and we can understand that even his creator may have found his character a little obscure. The obviously benevolent intentions with which *Tracked* was composed make one sorry that it is not better.

*Seth's Brother's Wife* is a capital story, full of point, vigour, humour, and dash. If the title is too communicative, that is a fault on the right side. One need not say that Seth Fairchild does

not regard his sister-in-law as his sister, but as rather less than kin and more than kind. Mr. Harold Frederic, however, is not French in his methods or views, and he does not bring the blush to the cheek of innocence. Louisa Fairchild was a mischievous flirt, but she was nothing worse or better. As the lady who became Mrs. Seth judiciously remarked, such women are popular with people who are not married to them, and Louisa is amusing enough to read about. No more purely American book was ever published in this country. But it is not unduly analytical, it does not discuss the superiority or inferiority of Americans to foreigners, and it has a plot. The plot has a weak point, and that is that there was no adequate motive for the murder of Albert Fairchild, for it is impossible to suppose that such a cur as the murderer would have risked his life for the money which the victim had about him. This is really all we can say against *Seth's Brother's Wife*, and it is not much. The rural life of New York State is depicted with an unflinching fidelity which will not promote emigration. American politics are treated with knowledge, and without the caricature which half spoils as a work of art even such an intensely clever book as *Democracy*. American journalism, which has hitherto played a less prominent part in fiction, is described in a very graphic and entertaining manner. Seth Fairchild, after a youth spent in working on his father's farm, became, in a somewhat rapid and surprising fashion, editor of the *Tecumseh Chronicle*. In that capacity he was expected to help his elder brother, who had procured him his place on the staff, to get elected for Congress by corrupt means. Seth resisted the very different temptations offered by his brother and his brother's wife. He was a youth of considerable spirit, neither a muff nor a scoundrel, but at the same time very far from being a prig. A more manly and generally satisfactory hero we have not come across for some time. His cousin Annie, who, in spite of Louisa's charms, may be called the heroine, is a fresh, pleasant, wholesome young woman, the best type of American girl, as unlike Daisy Miller as Seth is remote from the Howells and James young man. There is not an insipid character in the book. All Mr. Frederic's personages stand out distinct and independent, among the very best of them being Mr. Beckman, "the boss of Jay County." Mr. Beckman is a thoroughgoing Caucuser, a machine politician, up to all the tricks of the trade, but personally incorruptible. Whatever we may think of the Caucus, it is well to know that there are such men. Mr. Beckman's comments to Seth on the case of Albert Fairchild, who had sixteen thousand dollars on him when he was murdered, explain his position. "N' d'yer know what he was goin' to dew with that money? No, yer daont! He was agoin' to buy me. I wouldn't say this afore outsiders. I dunnao's I'd say it to you if your paper wa'n't so dum fond o' pitchin' into me fer a boss 'n' a machine man, ez yer call it, 'n' that kind o' thing. Yer brother hed the same idea o' me that your paper's got. He was wrong. They tell us ther' air some country caonuties in th' State where money makes the mare gao. But Jay ain't one of 'em. Yer brother wanted to git into Congress. Ther' was nao chance fer him in New York City. He came up here, 'n' he worked things pooty fine, I'm baoun to say, but he slipped up on me. Bribes may dew in yer big cities, but they won't go down in Jay. I don't b'lieve they's ez much of it down anywhere ez folks think, nuther." There is plenty of good stuff in *Seth's Brother's Wife*, and it is by no means all of one kind.

*His Sisters* is one of those books which may be described as "ower bad for blessing, and ower good for banning." Ralph Marston was left in charge of his sisters on the death of his father. He married one of them badly, and the other one well. The bad husband kept two establishments, and assured his wife that he kept only one. The reprehensible stockbroker in question, Albert Mapleton by name, was outwitted by a rather shady sort of solicitor, whose villainies were nevertheless mysterious, shallow, and sometimes wholly unaccountable. James Littiman indulged himself in the luxury of wickedness for no better reason, that we can discover, than to see whether it would agree with him. It did not, but gave him a kind of moral dyspepsia, which must have been almost as uncomfortable as the physical variety. Clara Mapleton, the stockbroker's wife, had a faithful lover, who always turned up when he was wanted, but never transgressed the bounds of decorum. The stockbrokers seem to be taking the place in fiction once tenanted by the baronets; and it would be an agreeable change if the jobbers were given their turn. We have not a word to say in favour of Mr. Mapleton, who should certainly not have broken the Seventh Commandment merely because he was bored at home. Moreover, while we should have regretted the necessity for selection, his wife was a less tedious person than his mistress. But even Mr. Mapleton might have been worse; and as for Mr. Littiman, though he plays the villain with almost abjectly conventional fidelity—smiling sardonically in private, and grinning genially in public—his worst crime was the negative one of not interfering between husband and wife. Eustace Verrall, the virtuous follower of Mrs. Mapleton, ought not to be despised, and his friend Charles Sumner's flirtation with the landlady's daughter is fit to be read in the school-room, or even the nursery. There are people who may find pleasure in the society of *His Sisters*— "glad souls without reproach or blot, who know what's wrong, and read it not," if we may slightly alter the words of the poet. Mr. Earl's moral tone is unquestionably high, his religious sentiments are unimpeachable, and, compared with most novelists, he may be said to write English. The following passage is a good, by which we mean a very good, specimen of his style. It portrays Mr.

Ralph Marston, when circumstances made him reflect that he had not done quite enough to secure the happiness of "his sisters":—

A wise man comes out of such a period of mental anarchy as a nation emerges from a revolution—with ideas reconstituted on a sounder basis; with beliefs from which what is false has been rejected, while what is true in them has been confirmed; with a juster knowledge of self and of the relations of things; with a fuller confidence in what is good, and a deeper insight into the subtle fashions in which it is wont to be mixed with evil; in a word he comes out humbler, stronger, and more experienced.

If this be Mr. Earl's first story, we recommend him to be a little more lively another time, not to take himself and his art quite so seriously, to remember that novel-readers may be instructed, but must be amused. Meanwhile *His Sisters* can be confidently recommended to the numerous and unhappy class of persons who "want something to read." It may do them good, and cannot possibly do them harm.

*The Plan of Campaign* is a story of real power, and makes a great advance upon *Disenchantment*. Miss Mabel Robinson is an ardent politician, and her politics are not those of the *Saturday Review*. That, of course, is not a matter for literary criticism, and we must do Miss Robinson the justice of admitting that she has made a conscientious, if not a very successful, effort to represent both sides of the Irish question. But her method of procedure is open to very serious objection from the artistic point of view. When Mr. Disraeli wrote a political novel—performance in which, at his best, he excelled all mankind—he introduced a number of real personages under fictitious names. But then the real names of leading statesmen disappeared for the most part from view, and events in his stories took the course which they had actually taken, whether in the House of Commons or elsewhere. Mr. Anthony Trollope, whose political stories were comparative failures, brought in the tiresome trick of mixing up fable with fact in such a way as to spoil history without making good fiction. Miss Robinson follows and exaggerates the bad example of Mr. Trollope. Her story is recent enough to satisfy the shortest memory, for it is mostly contemporaneous with the last Session of Parliament. Her account of the manner in which the famous Plan was concocted is extremely bright and clever, though indeed it required no great sagacity to induce men to combine for the reduction of their own rents. But Mr. Titus Orr, the inventor of the plan, who, by the way, was only half a Nationalist; Mr. Richard Talbot, the hero of the book, and apparently the leader of the Nationalist party; and several other gentlemen of the same kidney, are mentioned side by side with Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Davitt. It is not difficult to discover the identity of Lord Roeglass, the absentee landlord who refuses all reductions, evicts his tenants wholesale, and is execrated by all parties alike. But the prototype of Lord Roeglass has happily not been murdered either by an eminent Dublin photographer or anybody else. These confusions are tiresome to the reader, and are also, to speak mildly, not in the best possible taste. Miss Robinson would do well to exercise in future her undoubted talents on themes more properly belonging to the novelist, and to avoid trenching on the province of special correspondents or Society journals. It is impossible to read about Talbot without being reminded of a very notorious personage not altogether fitted to be the hero of a lady's novel, and indeed the whole book is permeated with this disagreeably personal flavour. Apart from this serious drawback it is, as we have said, a clever piece of work. It opens badly, for the reader is only puzzled by Miss Molynieux's big, stupid dinner party, and Mr. Kinsella's invariable habit of "booming" when other people only speak is monotonously tiresome. This is Miss Robinson at her worst; for, whether it be to her credit or not, she cannot give a decently good description of a social entertainment. She may be seen at her best in the character of Lord Dromore, the impoverished, scrupulous, honourable, argumentative landlord, who will defend his own class against all comers, and yet stand up even for the League if he thinks it unfairly attacked. Lord Dromore's tenants offered him fifty per cent., which is two per cent. less than the interest on his mortgage:—

"Fifty per cent.!" repeated Dromore scornfully. "Fifty per cent., and why? Simply because Irton's tenants got a reduction of fifty in the Court! My tenants couldn't, they know that as well as I do. I refused them with an easy conscience; but I'll tell you, Titus, I didn't offer ten as clear. The blackguards think I waited in hope they'd come down in their demands; on my soul it was to see whether I couldn't offer 'em twenty. I spent days and days trying to square the circle, for, between ourselves, thirty was about a fair figure. They tried to cheat me out of twenty, I tried to cheat them out of twenty; if I'd offered thirty, they'd have jumped at it, but we should have had nothing but encumbrances to live upon; they won't take ten, and if I grant more I haven't a penny to lose."

Miss Robinson's own plan of campaign, if we may so designate her plot, is not extensive. It all turns on the amatory misfortunes of Mr. Talbot, and the faithlessness of Miss Elinor Featherston, who flirts alternately with him and Lord Roeglass, finally marrying a third party and conducting himself indiscreetly with many others. Miss Featherston is far from being that paragon of propriety which all Irish girls are supposed to be. Miss Robinson describes evictions vividly, but that form of literary business has been slightly overdone. She is a bad hand at a murder, which is perhaps not much against her; and there is no sufficient reason why such a grotesque creature as Considine should be the assassin. Unlike most lady novelists, however, she draws men much better than women, and Lucian Orr, the emphatic, rather gasping, little professor, is a capital sketch. *The Plan of Campaign* has great merits; but Miss Robinson should

avoid slovenliness, and should have some respect for her readers. She describes Lord Roeglass in the same page as living in Norfolk Street and in Park Lane. She makes Talbot get out of a cab into St. Stephen's Hall, which is only approachable on foot. The House of Commons, with whose usages she assumes much familiarity, rises in her pages at seven on Wednesday, instead of six. Her Latin displays itself in the phrase "Nul nisi bonum," her French in "autre temps, autre meurs," and her English in "the elder ladies who quite honestly he thought extremely nice." No doubt Miss Robinson knows better. But she should be more careful.

## SCIENTIFIC TEXT-BOOKS.

*THE Microscope, in Theory and Practice* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) is a translation of part of the well-known German work of Professors Negeli and Schwendener. From the preface we gather that the translators are Mr. Crisp, Secretary of the Royal Microscopical Society, and Mr. Mayall, one of the Editors of the Society's journal. The present result seems decidedly to supply a blank in our microscopical literature, especially in regard to the explanation and technical treatment of the theory of the microscope. None of our English writers, so far as we are aware, deal adequately with the interpretation of microscopical images, or the theory of microscopic observation generally; nor have they systematically discussed the phenomena of diffraction and polarization as related to microscopy, or set forth the optical principles on which the construction of objectives and eyepieces, &c. is properly based. In the present edition of the German Professors' treatise, the "Theory of the Microscope" alone occupies 116 pages of closely reasoned matter, much of it mathematical, and the rest so technical as to be of no interest to general readers, but all evincing a thorough mastery of the scientific principles. The "Theory of Microscopic Observation" again occupies 67 pages, including a detailed account of interference phenomena, and such matters as oblique illumination, differences of level, air-bubbles and oil globules in water, various membranes, and so on. Other points elsewhere discussed are the modes of testing optical power, spherical and chromatic aberration, the measurement and drawing of microscopic objects, the preparation and preservation of specimens. The concluding part is devoted to polarization, and deals scientifically and very fully with its phenomena in so far as they bear practically upon the microscope. The editors have wisely crowned their work with an index.

*The Student's Handbook to the Microscope* (Roper & Drowley) is another addition to the smaller scientific manuals which now abound. It is designed to assist practical students in their selection and management of an instrument. Conveying much useful information and several welcome hints, the book nevertheless is somewhat suggestive of advertising certain London opticians.

We are glad to see a new edition of Professor Nicholson's *Introductory Text-Book of Zoology* (Blackwood & Sons). A special point in the author's work is that the Invertebrata are not relatively overlooked by the devotion of too much space to the backboned animals. In this edition certain of the larger groups of animals are arranged according to the most recent views of scientific writers. The book is well equipped with woodcuts, a glossary, and an index, and has the further recommendation of a style freed from technicalities.

In the *Elementary Chemistry* (Cambridge: University Press), by Messrs. Pattison Muir and Slater, we have the companion-volume to *Practical Chemistry*, issued by the same press. Probably in no branch of natural science is the practical and experimental part of study so obviously an incessant duty as in chemistry, if real knowledge is the object. This principle our authors seem to have due regard for, so as not only to present certain conclusions derived from and resting upon veritable facts, but also the chemical facts and data from which the science is deduced. The book is not a catalogue or classification of the properties of individual elements and compounds, but rather sketches the methods of chemical science, its general laws, and the detailed study of natural occurrences on which it rests. Its arrangement and treatment we detect nothing to blame, but in several parts much to praise—e.g. the discussion of the molecular and atomic theory. Into the speculation of the one universal element our authors do not think fit, so far as we can find, to pry; they deal with science, whose aim, they tell us, is to see things as they are.

The *Practical Chemistry* (Cambridge: University Press) by Messrs. Pattison Muir and Carnegie is intended to accompany *pari passu* the *Elementary Chemistry*. It contains sets of experiments proceeding from the simplest to the most intricate, carefully arranged and described in detail, and such that they can mostly be performed with the apparatus in any ordinary laboratory. There are some useful tables appended, including a neatly arranged set of logarithms and anti-logarithms, and a good index.

Professor Hartley's *Course of Quantitative Analysis for Students* (Macmillan & Co.) bears marks of experience and skill. We must, however, blame both author and publisher for publishing such a work without, not only an index, but even a table of contents. About twenty pages are devoted to manipulation, forming the best of possible introductions, and about as many more to examples carefully worked out. After a set of "Simple Estimations," also neatly set forth, we have "Volumetric and

Technical Analysis," occupying about the middle third of the book; and the remainder seems to be taken up with methods of analysing alloys and complex minerals. There are some useful notes for students interspersed.

*Elements of Chemistry*, by Ira Remsen (Macmillan & Co.), is another of the well-got-up text-books which we owe to our Transatlantic cousins. The order in which the various subjects treated of are arranged, the division into chapters and subdivision into neat, compact paragraphs, all evince the practised instructor; but one of the author's leading suggestions in the preface as to the construction of apparatus scarcely seems suited to class-teaching. The chapter dealing with the atomic theory and the valence of an element must be pronounced admirable—brief and terse, yet clear and complete. There is a good index subjoined to the book.

Mr. Lilley's *Bench Book for Test Tube Work in Chemistry* (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.) seems a trustworthy guide in beginning the practical work of analysis. So succinct, however, are the directions and classified results that few of the reactions could be adequately understood unless this handbook be supplemented by *vivæ vocis* instruction to accompany each experiment.

In *Experimental Chemistry*, Part IV. (Longmans & Co.), Professor Reynolds completes his course of Experimental Chemistry, and introduces the student to the great organic division of the science. Under the former head this volume deals with the study (natural as well as systematic) of carbon compounds. Many chapters are devoted to the discussion of such analytic and synthetic operations as throw light on the nature of organic structures, one good and sufficient reason being that "this kind of inquiry is a source of keen intellectual pleasure to thoughtful students" and of "high educational value" when legitimately pursued. The work concludes with valuable notes on the qualitative and quantitative analysis of organic compounds and the determination of molecular weight. As he has completed his "Course," we ask why Professor Reynolds has not had an index drawn up embracing all the four parts?

Sir William Aitken's *On the Animal Alkaloids* (Lewis) embodies some leading results of recent investigation into diseases which are due to physiological processes going on during life. One of the recent articles of belief of the advanced medical scientists is "the poisoning or intoxication of the animal economy with its own products." The first point is to confirm the incessant elaboration of alkaloids during the vital processes—a fact accepted by learned specialists in France, Germany, and England. In plain English a man, for example, may become poisoned by the accumulation within his organism of certain chemical compounds, due to incessant elementary disintegration. The author appears to bring under this category all the "constitutional" diseases of which rheumatism and gout are the types.

*The Laws and Definitions connected with Chemistry and Heat* (Rivingtons), by Mr. Durrant, seems mainly intended to assist those reading for examination purposes. After arranging and summarizing the most useful laws, and explaining the technical terms, the book tabulates in convenient form the chief tests for the usual metals and "acid radicals" which are likely to be of use for the Woolwich or Sandhurst entrance papers. The last chapter consists of a good set of specimens of analyses written fully out.

*An Elementary Treatise on Light and Heat* (Relfe Brothers), by Dr. F. W. Aveling, seems to be well adapted for the purpose indicated—namely, passing the London Matriculation and the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations. The woodcut diagrams are numerous, and have the excellent quality of being easily reproduced by the student. There are several sets of suitable exercises to be worked by the reader, and the answers are given.

## PRINKIPO, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, AND THE WEST INDIES.

WHEN Mr. Cox was American Minister to Turkey, he made up his mind to spend one summer at Prinkipo, where he could enjoy fresh air, beautiful scenery, and fishing, at the same time that he was within easy reach of his Legation by the steam-launch with which Congress was "good enough" to furnish him. The choice he made for his *villeggiatura* was a happy one. "My summer there," he writes, "was a revel in the very heart of nature." There was very little "roughing it" to be encountered. His house was pretty and comfortable, and his supply of food good and abundant; milk and butter were brought across the channel from the farms on the slopes of the Asiatic mountains opposite. The caiques which whitened with their sails the lake-like sea brought almost to his door the most tempting fruits. Mr. Cox is a genial sage of the optimist school, and he evidently holds with Thackeray that

true Philosophers, methinks,  
Who love all kinds of natural beauties,  
Should love good virtues and good drinks.

It is good to hear him speak of the charms of the Asian grape:—

\* *The Isles of the Princes; or, the Pleasures of Prinkipo*. By Samuel S. Cox, late U.S. Minister to Turkey, and Author of "Buckeye Abroad" &c. New York and London: Putnam's Sons.

*Digging, Squatting, and Pioneering Life in the Northern Territory of South Australia*. By Mrs. Dominic D. Daly. London: Sampson Low & Co.

*Through the West Indies*. By Mrs. Granville Layard. London: Sampson Low & Co.

"They are of various kinds, but there is one peerless kind. No fruit has ever been grown upon other parts of the earth equal to the fruit which September welcomes here, chief of which is the grape known as the *tchaouch usum*. The *tchaouch* is of pure gold, and of plum-like size and rotundity. Its very pronunciation makes the mouth moisten. Amber is not more beautiful in colour. It seems bursting with a fruity bloom, and gives such aroma and flavour that the bees follow it into the very *penetralia* of our *salle-à-manger*." Lamb, mutton, beef, chickens are all as good as they can be; and there is a bean called *bamia*, "which is more unctuous and toothsome than the marrowfat pea. What could we wish for beside?" If, in addition to these tender viands and juicy fruits, fish was the luxury desired, there were mullet, turbot, mackerel, and "a dainty, shining, nameless little beauty, quite delicate even without sauce." The people were as good as the provender. In his summer holiday the amiable diplomatist never met from old or young one act or look of courtesy, and he firmly believes that a bad boy is a being that may be sought for, but that is not to be found, in Greece. "Love begets love," and we suspect that it was our author's own kindness which won for him the good will of all with whom he came in contact. He says that he is not "unobservant of humour." He might add that he has a pleasant vein of humour himself. His chapter on asses is delightfully amusing. Would that we could quote more of his *apologia* for those meek children of misery! He has studied their habits closely. He has come in frequent contact with them "in and out of Congress." He appreciates and he can interpret their music. He can even diagnose the ear-numbing tones of the amorous and jocund jackass. "The melody begins with an exaggerated sound of asthma that rasps the soul, then a squeaky sibilation, then a roar as of forty thousand hungry lions of the desert. Then comes a process of suction and emission." We have not space for more. But we assure our readers that we have seldom come across a musical critique more pleasantly and understandingly written. Our author tells a capital story of how a "grizzly" was worsted by one of these ponies of Jerusalem. Before he dismisses the subject of donkeys he has a word to say of the much-maligned mule, who served so gallantly in the Civil War that he took rank in the quartermaster's department, and became a "brevet horse." One of Mr. Cox's sly sarcasms is to speak of Hungary as "an inland country, and therefore, like our own, without a navy." Within our limits we can do little beyond calling attention to the author's interesting remarks on the history, scenery, and antiquities of Prinkipo, Halki, and the other Princes Isles. We can only briefly allude to his clever, elaborate, and, on the whole, just summary of the character of the late Lord Dalling. He greatly admires his diplomatic talent as evinced in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and maintains that "the subtle crystallization which he there produced remains like a wall of adamant across the line of our policy in the Isthmus," and that "our puny statesmen have tilted in vain against this wall with their javelins of straw." Of his diplomatic morality and of his truthfulness he speaks less favourably; and, on the authority of the president of the Armenian college in Constantinople, he tells a story of our former versatile and vivacious Ambassador to Turkey which we cannot bring ourselves to quote and which we would fain disbelieve. The proofs of Mr. Cox's book have been very carelessly revised. We have *ἀραδός* for *ἀραδός*, *ad unco naso*, *Moygar* for *Magyar*, *rossignol* for *rossignol*, &c. *A propos* of nightingales, Mr. Cox gives us a pretty description which we had intended to quote of a bulbul which came into his garden at day-break, and "made love to the roses like a true oriental." Yes, "he made love to a whole garden or harem of roses—the profligate!"

Mrs. Dominic Daly, who bears a name widely known and honoured throughout our Antipodean colonies, has in *Digging, Squatting, and Pioneering Life* given us a pleasant and cheerful account of her doings and sufferings in the northern territory of South Australia from 1870 to 1886; and her admirable prefatory chapter on the early history of North Australian colonization is so simple and lucid that a reader with only the average ignorance of an Englishman about our colonies will find it easy to understand and to appreciate what follows. It is only occasionally that the author taxes our ears by such phrases as "that genus homo the bogtrotter." She tells her story generally in a plain straightforward style, without any affectations of elegance and without any attempts at smartness. In her travels, and even at some of the stations where she was for some time what may be called settled, Mrs. Daly encountered many hardships, and witnessed, if she did not personally endure, many sorrows and underwent many sad experiences. Yet she is uniformly cheerful, hopeful, resolute, and, if we may say so, not only without dispraise, but with commendation, manly. If on a voyage she can get nothing for breakfast but sherry and cheese, she does not like it, but she is far too wise to grumble. Snakes and alligators disgust her, but they do not appal her. Even cockroaches and white ants would never coax from her a shriek or a scream. *Blanket*, or *iron-clad food*—i.e. tinned meat—she does not find toothsome, but she makes it into hashes and curries, and eats it with a thankful heart. But she makes one grievous gastronomical mistake. She cannot bring herself to eat an iguana. Now the flesh of this reptile is very sweet and tender, and is an exquisite luxury to sojourners in a country where there is no decent bread, and where the staff of life is coarse, tough, and fresh-killed beef. The author tells with evident glee how by a "strategic move" Binmook and Tommy

were captured and put in irons for a piece of wanton cruelty committed by some other natives, and how they were kept as imprisoned hostages until the real offenders were given up. She has an Englishwoman's sense of fairness and humanity, and she thinks that the aborigines should be treated with judicious kindness, as well as with strict justice. She is afraid, however, that they are "not amenable to civilization, and are barely capable of receiving and retaining the truths of Christianity." "Troubles," she writes in another place, "with the natives, alas! seem to increase, instead of decreasing. The annals of 1886 teem with murders of white men, and attacks by the aborigines, both on land and sea." She is afraid that there is truth in the reports that white men who have been seized by these savages are held in lifelong captivity. Of the virtues and vices of the diggers Mrs. Daly writes in a manner which reminds one of Bret Harte, and she tells a pretty story of these rough fellows begging the loan of her baby to sit on their knees while they were playing at poker. She gives a sad picture, though the artist herself is not moved to sadness, of the isolation of pioneering life at Port Darwin. She had never heard, for instance, of the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War until a budget of newspapers came to tell them that Sedan had been fought and Paris taken. The almost insuperable difficulties which British pluck and enterprise, however, vanquished in the construction of the famous Overland telegraph are looked back upon in a spirit of just exultation. Among the many items of discouragement for the pioneers of this magnificent work was the fear that the natives would cut down the poles in order to steal the wire; "but a wily electrician was beforehand with a plan to prevent this. He gave electric shocks *ad libitum* all along the line. The sudden application of galvanism to bands of savages may fairly rank as a new sensation, and they, thinking the wire held this strange and mysterious power, wisely let it alone." This work completed, Port Darwin is no longer a *terra incognita* or a mere geographical expression. With the formation of an Australian Brindisi it will doubtless become the port for landing all the European mails for all the ports of Australia. When we were in the middle of Mrs. Daly's most interesting and instructive work we read Lord Brassey's timely warning of the folly of leaving in its present absolutely defenceless state a port which in time of war would become the base of operations for our cruisers protecting the trade between Queensland, India, China, and all Europe. Let us hope that this warning will not, like so many of our warnings, be acted upon too feebly or too late.

Mrs. Granville Layard's *Through the West Indies* tells readers of the late Mr. Trollope's book on the same subject very little that they have not already learned. The thinness of her matter is eked out with extracts from H. N. Coleridge's *Six Months in the West Indies*, which was written more than half a century ago. The only passages we can find to quote are the brilliant and epigrammatic observation of the author's fellow-traveller who, on hearing half way up a hill the low plaintive note of a bird, remarked, "He is praying for rain"; and a sentence in which Mrs. Layard seems to confuse quality with quantity. She was much struck with the "inferior quality of the meat in St. Vincent" because one day a tiny joint, which could not have weighed more than 4*lb.*, was brought to table, and she was gravely assured that it was a leg of mutton. A small leg of mutton, we suppose, may sometimes be as tough or woolly as a large one; but, however things may be in the West Indies, wise folks in this country do not consider that the exiguity of a joint of mutton foretokens "the inferior quality of the meat."

#### BRIDGE-BUILDING.\*

M R. FIDLER'S book gives gratifying evidence of how the old order has changed in the relation of the science to the practice of engineering. Time was when a sharp line separated the theorist from the practical engineer. The practitioner looked askance at theory; it was a curious mathematical exercise that might perhaps interest people who understood it; for his part he made no such pretension. A formula was something of a fetish; he could not trace its origin; he had but a vague notion of its force. It might help or it might hurt him; as often as not he misapplied it, and it accordingly did hurt him, and sent him back with more distaste for theory than ever to the exercise of his practical instinct. It is only fair to add that his instinct was generally sound, or at least safe. He rarely made grand blunders; his bridges, as a rule, stood, and what we have to record against him is not so much a list of killed and wounded as a catalogue of wasted material and uselessly sunk capital. The theorist was himself in great measure to blame. Sometimes he built a theory on false or insufficient experimental foundation. Often in attempting to simplify he ignored conditions that were really essential. Oftener still in aiming at generality he made his work so complex as to repel any one but a mathematical expert. There were a few distinguished exceptions, but, as a rule, the theorist had his head in the clouds, the practical man grubbed along in the valleys, and the two were seldom within speaking distance.

Of late years a marked change for the better has come about, partly through the struggle for existence in an overcrowded profession, partly through the usage which is now common, though

\* *A Practical Treatise on Bridge Construction.* By T. Claxton Fidler, M. Inst. C.E. London: Griffin & Co.

still far from universal, of giving the young engineer a college training in the science of his subject before he enters his apprenticeship. As a result, the practice of engineering is becoming scientific and the science practical. The rule-of-thumb engineer is still to be found, even in high places, but he is being fast pushed out by men who have learnt that theory is, after all, only glorified common sense. Mr. Fidler belongs to the new school, and for them he has written a book which, though not quite free from blemishes, is an admirable account of the theory and process of bridge design, at once scientific and thoroughly practical. It is a book such as we have a right to expect from one who is himself a substantial contributor to the theory of the subject as well as a bridge-builder of repute.

The first part treats of the statics of bridges—the bending and shearing stresses to which the loads give rise. Some of the introductory matter might have been omitted with advantage. One does not look for a definition of force or a statement of the parallelogram of forces in a volume which is to discuss the theory of continuous beams any more than one looks for the multiplication table in a treatise on logarithms. If the student who takes up Mr. Fidler's book does not know the elements of statics, he had better put it down until he has mastered them. Had the alphabet of mechanics been ever so well given here, it would have been out of place; but, in fact, it is not well given. Mr. Fidler exemplifies the truth that a writer may be clear and skilful in the application of dynamical principles to actual problems, and yet a poor exponent of the fundamental concepts of dynamics. The chapter on Bending Moments is particularly good, and is illustrated—as, indeed, the whole book is—by a large number of excellent diagrams. The treatment of shearing stresses is perhaps less complete. The shearing force in a beam is well explained, in one of its aspects, as the rate of variation of bending moment per unit of length measured along the span; the other aspect, in which the shearing force is regarded as a vertical force tending to make one part of the beam at any imaginary section slip down past the other part, is comparatively neglected, and no diagrams of shearing forces are given. In speaking of the ultimate strength of bars broken by bending the author refers to the well-known fact that what Rankine has called the modulus of rupture of a material is greater than its strength to resist direct pull and push as a thing which has never been explained. In truth, however, there is no mystery about this; it is intelligible enough when one considers how the distribution of stress over a vertical section becomes modified as the successive layers, beginning with those furthest from the neutral axis, are strained beyond the limit of elasticity.

The second part deals with the comparative anatomy of bridges and their theoretical weight. Here the author is at his best. The points of analogy and contrast between ordinary beams and girders, parabolic girders, arches, cantilevers, suspension bridges, polygonal frames, and composite trusses are indicated with much suggestive comment. It is shown how the conception of a girder as a beam carrying a load in virtue of its resistance to bending and shearing is related to the conception of a truss built up of members which carry the load in virtue of their individual resistance to direct pull or push. "These two aspects represent the ideas which have formed the basis of English and American practice respectively." In England the simple beam became a plate girder, and then diagonal bracing took the place of the web. In America bridges were first built as frames of timber, or of iron and timber in combination. Both lines of evolution have led to the modern frame girder of iron or steel, but the old difference in fundamental ideas may still be traced:—

In American girders each member is treated as having a separate and simple function to perform; but in England, although the subdivision of function is allowed in theory, yet in practice all the members are riveted up together so as to make the girder as far as possible a rigid whole, resembling in some degree the solid beam from which it is derived.

This is followed by a valuable discussion of the flexure of beams and the theory of continuous girders, based on a method which the author published some years ago in a paper read before the Institution of Civil Engineers. The process is wholly a geometrical and graphic one, and for that reason will no doubt commend itself especially to engineers whose algebraic education has been neglected. But even the student of Clapeyron, Bressé, and Heppel will find much to admire in the easy simplicity with which the author has treated problems that are usually ranked amongst the most intricate parts of the theory of engineering.

The third part, on the strength of materials, opens with a discussion of the theoretical strength of columns, which forms by far the most complete and satisfactory account of this difficult subject hitherto published in any text-book. Here, again, the author is travelling over ground which he has himself helped to explore, Euler's theory, applicable to perfectly straight and symmetrical struts, compressed by forces which are applied rigorously along the axis, is first stated. It is then shown how the theory requires modification when we deal with practical struts, which are never perfectly symmetrical in their elasticity, nor loaded quite axially. The results of old and new experiments on the ultimate strength of columns are very fully stated and exhibited by diagrams, and are applied to furnish constants appropriate to the modified theory. The formulas of Gordon and others are compared with them; and, finally, tables are given for various shapes of cross-section which will be of much use in facilitating the practical design of compression members in bridges or other structures. The whole of this section is admirable, and it forms a most welcome addition to

engineering literature. Tensile strength and the strength of joints is next considered; after which the author attacks the question of what stresses may be safely allowed, and what influence variations of the load produce on the ultimate strength of materials. Engineers have for long been more or less alive to the fact that a varied stress is more destructive than a permanent stress of equal intensity; that metals suffer what is called fatigue under repeated applications or variations of stress. Bend a bar repeatedly backwards and forwards, for instance, so that its fibres are alternately extended and compressed, and it will break after a certain number of bendings, though the strain is less than would have caused rupture if steadily applied. Are we, then, to allow a wider margin of strength—or, as engineers say, a larger factor of safety—when we are dealing, in the design of a bridge, with that part of the load which is alternately applied and removed—the rolling load—than we allow for a load which is always present? At the instance of the German Government the late Professor Wöhler carried out a series of experiments on the destructive effects of variation of stress. The research was conducted with truly German patience; some of the tests lasted for eleven years, and involved the alternation of load and no load, or of tension and compression, thirty, forty, and even a hundred million times. Wöhler's results are authoritative, and they touch engineering practice in a vital point. How they should affect it, and what their physical interpretation is, are questions which have been widely discussed, and on which the last word has by no means been said. Mr. Fidler's treatment of these is the least happy part of his work. He confuses the issue by attempting to explain the destructive results of varied stress, investigated by Wöhler, with the kinetic effect of a suddenly varied load. The kinetic effect of a "live" load is a subject which requires separate consideration, and the author has given a good account of it; but he has unfortunately introduced it in connexion with Wöhler's experiments on fatigue, the conditions of which excluded any substantial action of this kind.

The last section treats of the design of bridges in detail, beginning with ordinary girders of uniform depth, and going on through various forms to the type known as the cantilever, which has of late sprung into favour through its selection for the mammoth bridge which Mr. Baker has designed and Mr. Arrol is building over the Firth of Forth. In a cantilever bridge stiff brackets stretch out from the piers, but not so far as to meet, and the gap between them is filled by a separate girder, which rests on the brackets' ends. The type is ancient; it is found in China and the wilds of North America, but it is novel in modern practice. At the Forth there are two great spans, each 1,700 feet wide. Two brackets, joined back to back, tower above each pier to a height of 343 feet. No staging can be erected between the piers, and the brackets must be built out, step by step, equally on both sides to preserve the balance. Bare figures and description fail to touch the imagination so as to do justice to the extraordinary character and gigantic proportions of this work. One must stand on the central pier at Inchgarvie, and look up among the great steel tubes which rise higher than the dome of St. Paul's, and out along the projecting arms where pigmy-seeming cranes and workmen are slowly adding plate to plate, to appreciate the truth of Mr. Fidler's remark that the Forth Bridge is "unequalled by any other work of human construction, whether as regards the boldness of its design or the magnitude of the natural difficulties that have to be surmounted in its execution." The book closes with a chapter on Wind-pressure, which is in great part a just lament that we have really no accurate knowledge of the force the wind may exert on large surfaces. A small board put up to measure wind-pressure may show a force of fifty pounds' weight on the square foot, or even more; but are such pressures ever felt simultaneously over every part of a large area, such as the side of a long girder? Probably not, as any one will admit who has stood in a cornfield at the edge of a cliff when gale has been blowing from the sea, and has watched how the stalks are bowed now here and now there, but never all at once for any long distance. It is scarcely creditable to the great engineering Societies that we should be left to guess at the answer to a question so important and so capable of experimental solution. We notice one important omission in Mr. Fidler's comprehensive treatise. He is fond of graphic methods, almost to a fault, yet he makes no mention of the method of reciprocal figures for determining the stresses in bridge frames—a favourite process with all engineers who are familiar with its use. It is not so widely known as it should be, and, for that reason, one regrets all the more its absence from a book which is likely to find, and deserves to find, a place in the library of every student of engineering.

#### THE IMPERIAL GAZETTEER OF INDIA.\*

IF the old proverb be true that we can call no man happy till we know the manner of his death, it may be equally true that we can pronounce no series of volumes to be good until we have seen its index. Sir W. Hunter, in his last volume, enables us to pronounce judgment on this important issue. An index with frequent misprints, omissions, or needless repetitions would have

\* *The Imperial Gazetteer of India.* Vols. XII., XIII., and XIV., including the Index. By Sir William W. Hunter, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., LL.D., B.A., Member of the Viceroy's Legislative Council, and Director-General of Statistics to the Government of India, &c. Second edition. London: Trübner & Co.

been very disappointing. But as far as we can judge from a leisurely survey, the fourteenth volume is an excellent guide to its precursors. It is comparatively easy to arrange in due sequence strings of names and places, whether they represent towns and Sub-divisions or Capitals of historic fame. Even here the labour of collation, of preserving some uniformity of spelling, and of correcting the press, must have been enormous. It is just the kind of work at which the hand is apt to grow careless and the eye dim. Any reader will now have little difficulty in finding all he wants to know about divers celebrities, ancient and modern, from Alexander the Great to Amir Khan the Pindari leader; and he may range over history, from the battlefield where Porus was defeated to the scene of our recent engagements with Dacoits in Burma. Names, it may be said, easily catch the sight. With subjects, customs, products, it is different. But here the plan and outline, as well as the execution, are most commendable. To the historical student, bent on investigating the traditions of Asoka or the policy of Akbar the Great; to the administrator requiring a sketch of land tenures or the first principles of Settlements; to the commercial speculator needing information about coal, iron, and copper; to the engineer, who may reasonably doubt whether the canals made by Ali Mardan Khan surpass or equal the Solani Aqueduct and the gigantic works of the Bari Doab; to the sportsman and naturalist asking about the localities where tigers abound and black buck are as plentiful as rabbits; to the archaeologist classifying and distinguishing between no less than ten kinds of architecture; to the missionary, to the merchant, and to the member of Parliament, this Index will be a mine of wealth. The Gazetteer will, of course, not render other Indian works superfluous; and by unskilful hands or perverse intellects it may be splendidly misused. But it marks an era in statistics and presents Blue-Books in a novel and attractive shape. Errors will be detected and some of the facts and figures will soon require revision. We have already noticed the cardinal error by which Indian currency is converted into English coinage. There is an idea in some quarters that, if you only express Oriental terms in Occidental language, lay stress on analogies, get over fundamental distinctions of race and physique, and talk grandly about "nationalities," you may easily turn Hindus and Mohammedans into genuine Anglo-Saxons, and govern India on the purest democratic principles. Sir William Hunter, though he wisely keeps clear of politics, is sometimes disposed to sink India altogether. In the preface to his last volume he very properly notices the valuable aid in the compilation of his Index given by two gentlemen, one a late Fellow of Queen's College, and the other a B.A. of Balliol College, Oxford. Reading this, we might fancy that the Director-General of Statistics not finding any civilians fitted for such a task had recourse to two Oxford dons. We are not certain whether the Fellow of Queen's is the same person as Mr. H. J. S. Cotton, Secretary to the Board of Revenue in the Lower Provinces. But we should be glad to think that the Index had been prepared or revised by some civilian, covenanted or uncovenanted, conversant with Indian technicalities.

The late Dean Stanley used to delight in a long roll of Biblical names and titles, and would extract meaning from a catalogue passed over by others with contempt. In the Gazetteer we find, as might be expected, a good deal about population and caste. In some cases castes are explained by the use of English equivalents. In others we have nothing but the local names, and no Englishman, however wide his experience or retentive his memory, can be expected to retain but a fraction of these Indian divisions and sub-divisions. Nor did it fall within Sir W. Hunter's province to write about strange tribal customs and peculiarities. Books might be written about the rights, privileges, and exclusiveness of caste; whether certain septs can intermarry, or only drink from the same brass pot and smoke the same *hookah*; how far Mohammedans in some provinces have adopted Hindu practices; and a hundred other topics. Nothing is more bewildering to a newcomer than this fertile subject of discussion. Caste at one time seems as rigid as steel; at another as elastic as india-rubber. But though this work deals in detail only with the marriage customs of aboriginal tribes, and is limited to the enumeration of numbers in the case of Hindus, there is much that is suggestive in mere numbers. Brahmins in some districts are twenty-five per cent. of the Hindu population. It is an obvious mistake to call them priests. Many of the best secular professions are open to Brahmins. They are good soldiers, judges, accountants, pleaders, ministers of State. Generally speaking, we should say that a large proportion of the Hindus belong to the higher castes of Brahmins, Rajputs, Kayasts, and so forth. But agriculturists, artisans, and mechanics, muster in force. We read of tailors, washermen, gardeners, oilmen, goldsmiths, barbers, carpenters, by thousands in a district. It must not be imagined that in every instance the son of a barber or a gardener follows his father's occupation. He may obtain some employment or salaried situation. As a rule, where land is inherited and sub divided sons do follow the occupation of their fathers; handle the plough, spread the net, drive the bullock-cart. But there are frequent exceptions, and we should not pledge ourselves to any invariable rules. Ambition, intelligence, and energy often escape from the trammels of caste, as far as the occupation and business of life are concerned. Archdeacon Farrar may be surprised to learn that spirits were manufactured and that vintners and spirit-sellers flourished long before the advent of his wicked countrymen. No Anglo-Indian administrator created the caste of the Shaha or Shuri, or first taught innocent natives to manufacture arrack or toddy from the *Mova* and the palm tree, or

to make decoctions of hemp. Dram-drinking is proved to have been familiar and attractive in ancient Hindu times. During the Mohammedan rule the facilities for intemperance were far greater than in our own day. And nowhere is there more intoxication than in wild and uncivilized districts, such as Assam, the Central Provinces and others, where the noble savage wields his axe, burns down a whole hill-side in order to raise scanty crops from a few acres, and feasts and drinks heartily after a successful hunting expedition. Similarly a little attention to the statistics of these volumes would have prevented the propagation of some startling errors in a recent controversy as to the spread and character of Mohammedanism. A large proportion of the Mohammedan population is descended from the original invaders. These Mussulmans are known broadly as Pathans, Sheikhs, Mughals, and Saiyuds. But there are many who are the descendants of converts who renounced Hinduism under the pressure of the green flag, the sword, and the Koran. There is really no trustworthy evidence to show that, either by preaching or argument, Mullahs have recently been making proselytes to any alarming extent. Now and then a conversion causes a stir in Hindu circles. And it is quite possible that an increase in the Census returns of 1881, as compared with those of 1871, merely proves that Mohammedans, like Hindus and other tribes, increase and flourish under the peaceful British rule. It is significant, too, that in the Census for the Punjab of the former epoch the Mohammedan population is said to have increased slightly in one division, to be stationary in a second, and to have somewhat diminished in a third. In any case, Sir W. Hunter is no doubt correct at page 51 of his sixth volume, in saying that the population of India, loosely described as one of Hindus and Mohammedans, in reality is composed of "four well-marked elements." There are first the aborigines, *Mlechchhas* as the pure Hindu called them, and their semi-Hinduized descendants. Secondly, we have the pure Aryan race, comprising Brahmins, Kshatriyas or Rajputs, and, we should be inclined to add, a few of the other higher and better castes. Then comes a mixed population known as Hindus, and made up of Aryan and non-Aryan elements. Lastly, of course, we have some fifty millions of Mohammedans, the descendants of those who for a time overthrew effete Hindu monarchies, but whose supremacy was over when we appeared on the scene. Nevertheless, it would not be wise to treat their position, associations, or claims with indifference, and we are glad to think that Mussulmans have now better chances of competing in the field of employment with the astute, pliant, and accommodating Hindu. About the wild aboriginal tribes these volumes tell us much—Kols, Bleels, Gonds, Santals; and it seems clear that, however marked the division between these barbarous people and the civilized Hindus, aboriginal worship and customs have been somewhat modified by the influence of the *Shastras*.

It must not be imagined that these volumes contain little except piles of statistics neatly arranged and classified, or dissertations, historical and ethnological, based on the returns of district officers and the researches of scholars and Pandits. On the contrary, to any reader skilled in the very useful arts of skipping, dipping, and selecting, any volume out of the thirteen will never fail to supply good material. In one page he will find a brief and graphic account of one of those tremendous operations by which nature vindicates her rights in tropical climates. In another we are reminded of one of those striking episodes in Indian history or the Sepoy Mutiny which never wears by repetition; the defence of Arrah, the relief of Lucknow, the capture of Delhi. Here, we find a short dissertation on the occupations of the native community, as distinguished from its castes. There, an animated account of a native festival; a lament over the failure of a model agricultural farm; the change which diluvion and erosion have worked in the site of an historical battle-field; the picturesque shrine of a saint; the splendid mausoleum of an Emperor; the correct derivation of such a well-known word as Sindhu or the Indus; the prevalence of human sacrifices in outlying districts; the vow of a Brahman; the devotion of a Raja; the vagaries of a hill torrent; the rise of wages; the startling irregularities of the rain-fall; the revenue of a single populous district, equaling that of many a Crown colony; or the state and means of a petty Raja, who passes rich on some six thousand rupees, or as the Gazetteer will have it, on the magnificent revenue of 6000 a year.

The Governor-General who really took up this long-pending question in earnest, and who gave a definite and practical shape to a scheme which from press of work, wars, financial exigencies, and other obstructions, had been unavoidably postponed by his predecessor, was Lord Mayo. No doubt the original idea first started by the Court of Directors was that the Government and its Executive officers should know not only how much land revenue any district was to furnish, but what were the topographical, industrial, climatic, and ethnical characteristics of Divisions and Provinces. Naturally, as the work progressed, the area of inquiry was not diminished, nor was the labour lightened. But with every temptation for the compilers to deviate from arid schedules and dreary columns to green and pleasant pastures, one main object of the Gazetteer has been steadily kept in view. The work is emphatically a survey of statistics and a Gazetteer of Empire. The old sarcasm that the mementoes of British supremacy if it were to end suddenly would be empty beer-bottles, was at no time quite accurate, whether in the mouth of Edmund Burke or of the late Major Evans Bell. This compilation would still have attained to a very respectable size had it had reference only to lines of roads and railways laid out, bridges built, dispensaries opened, and schools

maintained under British agency and out of Imperial funds. If the lists of native fairs and places of pilgrimage due to the working of economic causes or religious fervour amongst the native community is long and varied, that of bridges erected by civil and military engineers within the last thirty or forty years occupies four columns of the index. If we hear much of Buddhist temples, Hindu decorative art, Mohammedan marble tombs with exquisite tracery and sentences from the Koran cut in precious stones, we light on hospitals that range from Surat to Dacca, from Peshawar to Bangalore, and on lists of steam-mills and endless normal and village schools. Persons must be impervious to argument and reason who will take up, read, and lay down this compilation without admitting that Sir W. Hunter has produced a great work because he has had to deal with a good cause and a growing Empire.

## SPONS' HOUSEHOLD MANUAL.\*

**P**RESUMABLY there never was yet a housekeeper who did not at some time or another start a recipe-book for the delectation of herself and her belongings, mingling in fine confusion "receipts" (*sic*) for "pickling pork," "the proper way to wash lace curtains or net," a "certain cure for corns or chilblains," with directions for "making raisin wine to taste like champagne," or the right method of cooking an omelet or a fondue. In these MSS., if their owner is of a strictly methodical turn of mind, the *unde derivatur* of her "magic and spells" is usually carefully and minutely affixed; sometimes, as in the case of a recipe-book we wot of, the very date and occasion when the recipe was acquired being appended to it. But, if not of so particular a spirit, the author contents herself with copying, more or less correctly, the instructions, leaving their origin to be inferred at the goodwill of her reader—a practice that has, ere now, led to a sharp passage-at-arms between rival owners of MSS. cookery-books, one of whom discovers some cherished and strictly private recipe of her own composition in No. 2's book, without so much as an initial to show it is not a happy thought of No. 2's, which discovery results usually in a splendid display of the "dulcis Amaryllidis ira," so praised by poets.

Now this method is pardonable in a manuscript book intended for the private perusal of its compiler, or at the furthest, of her nearest and dearest, who, chancing to be overcome by the merits of "that quite too delicious pudding," or politically anxious to stand well with the amateur *chef*, beg a sight of the precious volume; but how far it is commendable in a printed book, intended for the general public, may be matter for doubt, and possibly for wrath, on the part of the authors copied textually and with little or no acknowledgment. And this is precisely the question that arises with reference to *Spons' Household Manual*.

But putting this aside, there is another awful horn on which the reader thirsting for information may hang himself. We ask with all due humility, What is likely to be the life of a housekeeper for whose practical education such an appalling list as is here set forth is requisite? Certainly if she mastered the contents of his production, or even knew how to refer to it intelligently, she might bid defiance cheerfully to every trouble—sanitary, culinary, or legal—likely to be set her in her earthly career. But then, again, if (much virtue in that if!) she did contrive adequately to assimilate all this tremendous and somewhat indigestible mass of learning, would not her earthly career come to a premature close? She would be quite too clever and good for this workaday world, and would consequently, according to popular superstition, promptly betake herself to another sphere, where, as far as we know, an intimate acquaintance with drains and culinary matters is not of primary importance. Seriously, this *Household Manual* is a cento, a thing of shreds and patches, constructed frankly, as the editors admit, with paste-pot and scissors, from excerpts from all sorts of magazines, lectures, and newspapers, their indebtedness to whom the compilers acknowledge both in the preface and at the end of each chapter, though the quotations seem occasionally to have got a good deal mixed in the pasting—an accident that enhances the difficulty of discovering their authors or the degree of reliance to be placed in them.

As is probably unavoidable in a book constructed on such lines as the present one, much very useful matter is to be found; but, as is also probably unavoidable, it is overlaid with so much extraneous, not to say irrelevant, information as to make selection, especially to an inexperienced housewife, a matter of extreme difficulty. In addition to this, the relation between the index and the contents leaves much to be desired. For instance, the chapter on furnishing, judging from index and headings, should be most interesting; unfortunately, an examination of the chapter shows that, beyond a few advertisements of sundry domestic patents, it contains nothing but a series of trite commonplaces, so worn and obvious that it is difficult to conceive any one taking the trouble to transplant them from the pages of their original newspaper.

In a Manual professedly for the use of inexperienced housewives it is curious more mention is not made of the many time- and labour-saving appliances now so common. For instance, a recipe is given for colouring essences, &c., in the chapter on the cellar, but not one word hints at the existence of the many vegetable and perfectly harmless colourings to be obtained for

a few pence at every really good grocer's. *A propos* of this chapter on the cellar, an amusingly unconscious explanation is given of the popularity of ginger-beer, fruit-syrups, and such-like so-called "teetotal" beverages. The recipes for compounding the former liquid and for blackberry and grape syrups are calculated to give a disciple of Sir Wilfrid Lawson pause. In common fairness it must be added that the recipe for "was-sail" will be fully as much of a novelty to most admirers of those old-fashioned compounds. The cookery is, as a rule, good, in some cases really excellent, though it might be wished a little more had been done to make plain the fact that clear stock, *alias consommé*, is not a fearful and expensive compound. Both the recipes for clear stock and clear soup are good; still, the quantity of meat required in both cases is so ample as to afford a good excuse for the superstition referred to above, especially as every experienced housekeeper knows that really thoroughly good clear stock can be produced from bones, either cooked or raw, with no more meat than is required for the clearing of the stock.

## PERRAULT'S TALES.\*

**B**Y publishing this extremely pretty edition of a very charming book the Clarendon Press has once more given the lie to the rather ignorant and more than rather unjust accusation frequently made against both the University presses, that they produce nothing but bibles and pot-boiling school books. It is more than rather unjust, because it is simply not the truth, though it may be freely admitted that of late years the Clarendon Press itself has not produced so many standard editions of classics, ancient and modern, as it once did. It is rather ignorant, because it shows that those who make it do not in the least understand the relations of the Clarendon and the Pitt Presses to the Universities, of which they are in a fashion workshops. Nothing, it would seem, will ever get out of the minds of the vulgar the notion that the two older Universities as wholes, and every institution connected with them as parts, are overflowing with money which ought to be devoted to worthy objects and is devoted to unworthy ones. The fact, of course, is exactly the other way, and both at Oxford and at Cambridge the University would be very badly off if the daughter institutions, collegiate and other, did not filially make money and contribute it to the support of their impecunious mother. It is perhaps not very probable that much money will be made for University purposes out of this volume, but such as has been spent on it has been most excellently spent. As a book, the volume—small quarto, bound in half vellum, and with wide margined pages of *papier vergé*, excellently printed—may challenge comparison with anything that M. Jouast and M. Quantin have recently brought out in the way of editions of French classics. Mr. Lang has taken much trouble to have the exact text of the very rare first edition of Perrault's masterpiece reproduced, spelling and all—a nicety for which we have no particular care in the case of a book of such late date, but to which we certainly have no objection. He has not given any notes, which, perhaps, is rather a pity, for the vocabulary and style, as well as the matter, would have lent themselves very well thereto, and sometimes almost demand it. But he has given a very long and interesting introduction of nearly a hundred and twenty pages dealing with the author, with the tales as a whole, and with each of them separately, and discussing not merely their literary origins, as far as ascertained, but their general characteristics as literature and as folk-lore. Mr. Lang's interest in anthropological mythology, his learning in it, and the thoroughly sensible view which he takes of its general principles, contrasting as this sense does so remarkably with the one-sided views of the philologists at any price and the nature-mythists at any price, are well known; nor is it necessary to insist on his literary competence. The consequence is that his introduction gives by far the best help to the intelligent study of a work as well fitted for intelligent study as for mere enjoyment that has yet appeared in any language with which we are acquainted.

M. Léopold Derôme has begun in a French periodical, too late we should suppose for Mr. Lang to have seen his work before despatching this book to press, a series of papers on the vicissitudes of Perrault's memory, and on some little known editions of his works. M. Derôme, as a librarian and general student of books as books, naturally devotes his attention less to the better than to the worse known work of this versatile clerk of Colbert, sighs for a new edition of the *Parallèle*, and more or less passes over the *Contes*, not of course as trivial, but as generally known. Mr. Lang's attitude is just the opposite; he is perhaps a little hard on the *Parallèle* itself when he dismisses it, or at least the famous quarrel of "Ancients and Moderns" to which it led, as merely or mainly futile. He would himself, we should imagine, not deny that the Boileaus and the Daciers who defended Homer were quite as much out of sympathy with the heroic age and with heroic poems as the Perraults and the La Mottes who attacked Homer. We are inclined to think that Homer himself, though he might have been sorry to be attacked by the author of the "Belle au bois dormant," would have been much sorrier at being defended by the author of the Namur ode. "If you think I write like that," we can imagine a

\* *Spons' Household Manual: a Treasury of Domestic Receipts and Guide for Home Management.* London and New York: E. & F. N. Spons.

\* *Perrault's Tales.* Edited, with Introduction, by Andrew Lang. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1888.

subterranean voice coming from Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, and the rest, "for heaven's sake don't take my part"; and, though it is perfectly true that, as judged from most of his work except the *Contes*, Perrault was quite as much of a *perrugue* as his adversaries, still there is something in the *Contes* themselves which seems to show that he was actuated by a sound, though mistaken, feeling. He did not understand Homer enough to see what a prince of romantics Homer is; he could understand "Tom Thumb" and "Puss in Boots," which are only another side of Homer. But, heaven help us! we are getting into a *parallèle* ourselves.

Mr. Lang devotes sufficient, and not more than sufficient, space to a discussion of the odd freak, or else the partly rational fancy, which made Perrault publish the masterpiece of which he thought so little or was so half ashamed in the name of "Perrault d'Armancour," the said Perrault d'Armancour being his own son, a young gentleman of tender years. Mr. Lang thinks that there may have been a certain amount of real authorship on the boy's part; that is to say, that Perrault may have got the child to tell him the stories as he had himself heard them from his nurse, and then woven them into the curiously parti-coloured style—at one time purely popular and naïve and at another obviously literary and sophisticated—in which we now have them. There is nothing at all improbable in this, and, provided it is not carried to the length of asterisking this or that passage as "Unecht" (very likely some hopeful German has done this already), there is nothing objectionable in it. But what is really curious is that a book of such an origin, and coming from so unlikely a person, should give us in some, if not most, cases the earliest known version of stories which are obviously and on the face of them of immemorial antiquity. Mr. Lang's mythological learning is able, of course, to collect a mass of interesting and curious parallels to these tales from all nations, periods, and languages. But we think we are right in saying that, with the exception of *Griselidis*, which is quite out of the *cadre* of its sisters, and of the "Three Wishes," nothing like an earlier form of the tales as they stand is to be found anywhere in literature before the date of Perrault's own book. If we remember rightly, an industrious living rescuer of work in danger of perishing once promised his subscribers a collection of the earliest English nursery tales, and gave it up simply because it was nearly impossible to find out what was the earliest. German tales, as is well known, date, as far as printed collections go, in most cases no further back than Grimm. And so in other cases. And we are further confronted with the very curious problem—Is the superior substance and vitality of these particular stories as Perrault has given them merely due to the exercise by mere chance of artistic and literary power of the right sort at the right time upon them, or had Perrault d'Armancour's unknown source these merits, and had it them in consequence of the similar exercise of power by some unknown poet or prose-maker at an earlier time?

This is the literary problem as opposed to the mythological one, and, as it is incapable of solution, there is not need to waste much time on it, interesting as it undoubtedly is. Mr. Lang has wasted none, but has gone straight to his own mythological stores, and has extracted therefrom a most curious budget of things, new and old, on the subject. The Swahili "Puss in Boots," which appears to be like most of the Swahili tales (and like *Aucassin et Nicolette*) a *cante-fable*, where the tale-teller alternately sings and says, is interesting, but mournful. Puss is a gazelle, a dear gazelle, who justifies only too fully the painful assertions of the poet about that animal. It has an ungrateful Marquis of Carabas for a master, it dies of sorrow when it comes to know him well, and they give it a public funeral—a pitch of civilization to which we did not know that Zanzibar had reached.

On "Cinderella," if we mistake not, Mr. Lang has written before now, and indeed there is so much human nature in that charming story, that it is not surprising to find humans inventing it with a healthy disdain of the charge of plagiarism anywhere and everywhere. Nor are the variants of "Bluebeard," though much less close, much less numerous. By the way, Mr. Lang does not tell us, and we have forgotten, who was the first person to hit upon the singularly wiseacreish identification with Gilles de Retz. That identification has always seemed to us a very triumph of the commentator's folly which must try to identify things unidentifiable, and not worth identifying. For it would be nearly impossible to find two heroes or villains of fact or fiction whose proceedings and motives were less alike than those of Ma Sœur Anne's, as some have held him, rather ill-treated brother-in-law, and the loathsome sorcerer, or, if anybody likes, the maligned patriot, of the Breton marches.

After all, however, the charm of this edition, as of all good editions produced by good scholars and critics, is that it introduces us once more, and in more becoming fashion, to its text. We like Mr. Lang here much, but Mr. Lang would probably be the last to object to our saying that we like Perrault better. A delightful parenthesis (all good writers love parentheses) which occurs in the first dozen lines tells how "on donna pour maraines à la petite princesse [a spelling in itself how charming] toutes les fées qu'on pust trouver dans le pays (il s'en trouva sept)." This is but a fair specimen of the inimitable style of the whole. Lamb would have written an essay on that parenthesis and its demure exactness. The union of Perrault's own bits of *esprit*, of his little gallantries, his little satires, with this singular simplicity produces no doubt something which does not equally satisfy all tastes. There have been those who thought that the

simplicity would be sweeter by itself. We are not of them, nor is Mr. Lang. As he puts it in an excellent passage, "There is for us of this century an additional zest in the fact that the whole artificial and courtly world here pretty exactly described at intervals is as dead, as unreal, as much a matter of myth and story as the world of ogres and fairies itself." But even without this the contrast would have had an unequalled charm.

#### ENGLISH SEALS.\*

ALL students of English mediæval antiquities must often have felt that a separate work on the Seals of England is one of the most urgent of literary desiderata. Apart from their great historical value English seals, both from their richness of design and minute delicacy of workmanship, are quite unrivalled by those of any other country, and certainly deserve, from the purely artistic point of view, more attention than they have hitherto received. It is disappointing to find that this large and handsomely printed volume does so little to supply this need—partly from the too narrow limits of its scheme, and partly from the unsatisfactory way in which Mr. Birch has described the seals in his Catalogue. With a good introductory monograph on the subject of English seals generally, and a carefully prepared index, both of which are here wanting, this Catalogue might, with its succeeding volumes, have formed the long-needed handbook on the subject.

Even as a bare Catalogue the descriptions of details of ornament and dress are far too vague to be of much use to the student. Little real information is given by such a slovenly description of the magnificent representation of Norwich Cathedral on the Chapter seal of 1258 (No. 2093). "It is a Gothic building decorated with carvings in which the Arcade, stringcourse, and pediment are freely introduced." Technical accuracy is equally absent in all the descriptions of the costume worn by the figures of ecclesiastics or monastic saints; thus, for example, St. Augustine on the reverse of the seal of Merton Abbey of 1241 (No. 3637) is said to be "in vestments partly embroidered," a phrase which leaves the student about as wise as he was before. Whereas every one interested in ecclesiastical dress would have got some distinct notion of the saint's costume if he had been told that the Archbishop "wears mass vestments and has a rich apparel on his alb." It is surprising, too, to find Mr. Birch repeating the venerable blunder, invented, we believe, by the Camden Society, nearly half a century ago, that a crozier means a cross—the fact being that the word crozier is connected with the French word *croisse*, meaning a curved stick, or shepherd's crook, and has nothing to do either with the French *croix* or the English word cross. Whenever the word crozier occurs in old English, it means the ordinary pastoral staff of a bishop or abbot, and never the cross, which was one of the distinguishing badges of an archbishop.

Mr. Birch's Catalogue begins with the royal seals of England, ranging in unbroken succession from Edward the Confessor downwards, only a few isolated examples of Saxon seals being now known. The design of the Confessor's seal is much the same as that on the obverse of his so-called "sovereign penny." The king is represented seated on a throne, holding the orb and cross-topped sceptre; the legend is a curious example of monkish pedantry in its mixture of Latin and doubtful Greek:—SIGILLVM·EDWARDI·ANGLOVRM·BASILEI. This enthroned figure, in one form or another, has been used on the seals of all the sovereigns of England down to the present reign. William the Conqueror's Great Seal begins the perfect series, impressed from two matrices, like a coin, with, on the reverse, a figure of the king in armour on horseback, armed with sword and shield. By degrees greater elaboration of ornament was introduced on to the obverse; in Edward III.'s time niches, with minute statuettes of saints, were added on each side of the enthroned king, the back of the throne was panelled, and a rich canopy of "decorated" style was placed over his head. In the reign of Henry IV. the climax of magnificence was reached, in minute richness of design surpassing the seal of any other European sovereign. The elaborate canopy over this king's head, in his second seal of 1411, contains niches with statuettes of the Virgin and Child between two saints, and at the side, among tabernacle work like some gorgeous reredos, are three rows of statuettes in minute canopied niches, each row being two tiers high. Thus about fifteen almost microscopic figures of saints and angels are introduced among the architectural framing of the king's throne. Soon after that date—the beginning of the fifteenth century—the royal seals became less magnificent, and the accessory statuettes of saints began to be omitted. In Henry VII.'s seal we see, for the first time, the influence of Italian Renaissance modifying the English Gothic of previous reigns, and till the reign of Elizabeth the royal throne is decorated with pilasters and arabesque carving, like the fine walnut choir-stalls and other furniture for which the pupils of Raphael were so justly celebrated throughout Italy and other countries on the Continent. After the sixteenth century the decadence was very rapid, the lowest level of all being perhaps reached by the technically skilful but hopelessly dull and weak design of Queen Victoria's Great Seal. One seal, illustrated at Plate IV., No. 895, as a seal of the Court of Common Pleas under

\* Catalogue of Seals in the British Museum. By W. de G. Birch. Vol. L  
Printed by Order of the Trustees.

Henry VII., is very misleading to the student of English art; Mr. Birch has omitted to note in his description that the design and workmanship of the obverse is not of Henry VII.'s time, but of the thirteenth century—owing probably to the officers of the Court using an old matrix of Henry III.

One cannot but regret that Mr. Birch does not even give footnotes on any of the interesting points connected with English seals—as, for example, with regard to the use of white or coloured wax; that from about the eleventh to the fifteenth century it was customary to make a distinction between the originals of important State documents and office copies—the former being written on fine vellum, with seals of coloured wax (usually green) attached by cords of many coloured strands of silk and gold thread; while the copies were usually on commoner parchment, and had seals of uncoloured white wax fastened by strips of parchment instead of silk and gold. The substance now called sealing-wax, made of shell-lac and Venice turpentine, is a modern invention. In medieval times seals were made of nearly pure beeswax, and so many different devices were adopted to preserve the soft wax from injury. One method was to wrap the seal up in leaves of oak, beech, or some other tree; another way was to twist round the margin of the seal a sort of wreath made of rushes or plaited strips of vellum, so that the main surface of the delicate wax relief was preserved from contact with the vellum folds of the document. Specially important seals were still more carefully protected by being encased in little boxes made of painted wood or embossed leather, *cuir bouilli*, sometimes very richly decorated with delicate surface reliefs. After the seals of State, Mr. Birch adopts a rather unsatisfactory method of classification, arranging the rest of his catalogue in the following categories:—Ecclesiastical, Monastic, Peculiar Jurisdictions, Religious Orders, Guilds, &c., and, lastly, Military Orders. The fault is perhaps more in the absurdity of the titles of these different classes than in the actual arrangement. Nevertheless, it must cause very needless confusion in the mind of any one who consults the Catalogue, to find, for example, such very illogical categories as Ecclesiastical, Monastic, and Religious Orders, though a closer examination will show that by "Monastic" the author means seals of individual abbots or monasteries, while by "Religious Orders" he refers to general seals of a whole province, such as the general chapter seal of the Cistercians in England and Wales. Mr. Birch might easily have avoided such slovenly nomenclature by consulting the admirable system of classification adopted by Dr. Percival in arranging the collection of seals in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries at Burlington House. The British Museum is especially rich in its collection of ecclesiastical seals, using the word in its proper sense, and not as Mr. Birch does. Some of the best seals of bishops and abbots in the thirteenth to the fifteenth century are among the most beautiful works of art that England has ever produced, and are of special interest as being purely the production of a native school of artists, whose work, though minute in scale, is not inferior in beauty to the best productions of Niccola Pisano and his Florentine followers.

The folds of the dress and the whole pose of such a figure as that of the Bishop on the seal of Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, 1333-1345, would have been worthy of a Greek gem-engraver in the time of Alexander the Great; and, like the best Greek gems, though so small in actual size, it gives one the effect and possesses the grandeur of style of quite a large statue. Even a century earlier, in 1241, the seal made for Walter de Merton's Abbey near Wimbledon had an enthroned figure of the Virgin and Child which Italy could certainly not have rivalled at that early date. The deeply-cut folds of the Virgin's mantle are as graceful in line and as true in the way each fold is traced to its origin as are the wonderful draperies of the colossal figures of Mausolus and Artemisia from Halicarnassus. In some cases medieval seals have preserved to us the design of fine or curious specimens of antique gems, owing to the not uncommon custom of kings or prelates using as their private seals some ancient engraved gem, to which, very frequently, a novel and Christian meaning was given by means of the inscription placed round it—the name of some saint—in the metal border of the matrix. A magnificent portrait gem of one of the Seleucid Kings of Syria was used instead of his own portrait by the French King Odo, 888-898, and a good impression of this matrix is attached to one of the documents in the British Museum. So, for example, the monks of Durham used a head of Jupiter Serapis, rechristened in the setting as "Caput S. Oswald." A still more curious use of antique gems is to be found in seals of some of the thirteenth century bishops, as, for example, in No. 1205 in Mr. Birch's list—the seal of Boniface of Savoy, Archbishop of Canterbury, A.D. 1245, which has the usual standing figure of the Archbishop, and, by way of ornament to the field or ground of the oval, four small Roman gems (not Greek as Mr. Birch states) were inlaid in the silver matrix, producing a very extraordinary and somewhat incongruous effect. The matrices of seals used by bishops and abbots were most commonly of silver, and this intrinsic value is one of the reasons why such seals are now extremely rare. But apart from this, their scarcity is caused by the common custom of the matrix of prelates' seals being solemnly broken in the presence of the Archbishop or of the Monastic Chapter soon after the death of its owner. It appears to have been usual to use the metal of the broken seals and their chains to make some silver statuette or small article of altar plate, such as a chalice or a paten, which was then offered at some altar in the church to which the abbot or bishop had been attached. The

accounts of Durham Cathedral and Abbey (Surtees Soc. ii. 13) record for many years (1128-1381) the breaking of the bishops' seals and the various ornaments into which their silver was made, the quantity of which would not be insignificant, considering that every bishop would possess, not only a great seal of dignity, but also a rather smaller one, *ad causas*, used for licences of various kinds, and a private seal, *secretum*, for his own personal business; in some cases he had also a separate "counter-seal," used to stamp the back of his great seal. In addition to all these the bishops of Durham possessed a seal of royal size and magnificence in their capacity of Princes of the Palatinate; these are large circular seals with, on the obverse, the bishop enthroned under a canopy, and on the reverse the bishop in complete armour, with sword and shield, fighting on horseback, only marked as an ecclesiastic by the mitre which he wears over his helmet. The motive on both sides of these Palatinate seals is, of course, taken from the royal seals of England, with the enthroned king, and the king in battle on the reverse.

In their ingenious complication and richness of effect one or two seals of monastic corporations surpassed even those of the sovereigns and the archbishops. The fourteenth-century seal of Boxgrove Priory (Sussex), the matrices of which are in the British Museum, is a remarkable example of this. On the obverse is a very beautiful figure of the Virgin enthroned, and on the reverse a minute representation of the West front of the Priory Church, with open tracery, containing a relief of the Annunciation and figures of saints. This side of the seal was produced by two different matrices used on separate plaques of softened wax. One of these formed the background with its statuettes and reliefs; the other was used to stamp out the open tracery of the church, which, when hard, was fitted on to the background reliefs, thus forming, as it were, a miniature model of the building, with its statues and the inner planes of the façade seen through the delicate open tracery, producing an extremely rich effect. Another seal of the same century, that of Southwark Priory, is even more elaborate, as both sides have open tracery applied separately, so that the main matrix consists of four distinct pieces of metal. In the case of these and a good many other seals an inscription was added round the edge of the wax by means of a straight strip of bronze with letters cut on both its sides. First one and then the other side of this strip was pressed against the edge of the wax seal, and thus the complete legend round it was formed. To build up one of these very complicated seals must have been a work requiring much skill and patience. The twelve autotype plates with which Mr. Birch's Catalogue is illustrated are not very satisfactory in execution, and might certainly have been better selected. However limited the number might be, such seals as the second great seal of Henry IV. and that of Richard Bury, Bishop of Durham, should not have been omitted, being, as they are, the very crown and flower of the most beautiful of all the arts of England in the middle ages. On the whole, we cannot but feel that the author has let slip a unique opportunity of producing a valuable and standard work on a very fascinating subject.

#### SCOTLAND AND SCOTSMEN.\*

MR. JOHN RAMSAY, of Ochtertyre, who died in 1814 at the age of seventy-eight, was a country gentleman of some mark as a scholar and an antiquary. During the larger part of his life he devoted his energies mainly to the improvement of his property, an estate of moderate size in the neighbourhood of Stirling, and in his later years amused himself by filling "ten bulky volumes" with what he remembered about the people he had known, and with remarks on the social changes he had witnessed, and other matters. He seems to have wished that his writings, if published at all—and it is evident from what we have of them that he intended that they should some day be given to the world—should be printed exactly as he left them. Mr. Allardyce, to whom the task of editing the Ochtertyre manuscripts has been entrusted, has, however, considered it advisable to make a compilation from them, for he found that some of them were of no permanent value, that some "overlapped one another," and that there was besides "a certain amount of prolixity and discursiveness in Mr. Ramsay's style." While he has not altered a word that Mr. Ramsay wrote, he has selected from the mass of manuscripts, and arranged in the two somewhat ponderous volumes before us, all that seemed to him likely to interest readers of the present day. In spite of his editorial labours, which certainly cannot have been light, the good old laird still repeats himself, and his discourses are still prolix and desultory. Although we are told that we, to some extent, owe Jonathan Oldbuck to Scott's recollection of Ramsay, these volumes go far to prove that George Constable, Clerk of Eldin, and no doubt others, contributed much more than he did to the making of the Antiquary; for Ramsay evidently had little sense of humour, and, if there was any whimsical impulsiveness in his composition, it is effectually hidden by his verbose and commonplace style of writing. One point of likeness there certainly was between him and Monkbarns, for he never failed to read a portion of his manuscripts to every visitor who could be persuaded to listen to it, and Scott, who visited him

\* *Scotland and Scotsmen in the Eighteenth Century.* From the MSS. of John Ramsay, Esq., of Ochtertyre. Edited by Alexander Allardyce. 2 vols. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1888.

in 1793, no doubt remembered his own sufferings when he described how Lord Glenallan was forced to listen to the excusus on the hill-slope of Quicks-bog. A large part of these volumes is occupied by Ramsay's reminiscences of men and women with whom he was more or less acquainted. Several of them, though no doubt persons of some consequence in their time, are, to say the least, not generally remembered now, and their characters and habits are in themselves of no interest to any one. Of course they might have been made interesting, but that would have required the exercise of an art of which Ramsay had no knowledge. Some of his friends, however, were men who are still famous, and we hoped that he would have had much to tell us that was worth knowing about them. But he writes in such a dull and formal manner that it is hard to get either amusement or instruction from his attempts at portraiture. He was deeply impressed with the enormity of the offence Boswell had committed against the "laws of society" in indulging his "preposterous passion for reporting private conversations," and he took care not to sin in the same manner. His descriptions of character may be judicious, they are certainly sententious, and, unfortunately, for the most part utterly lifeless. No personal anecdotes find place in his text, and such as he gives us are put in footnotes. After getting through some pages, more or less according to the measure of patience he possesses, the reader will probably become weary of the "delicacy and candour" with which Mr. Ramsay estimates the characters of a succession of judges, ministers, and private friends, and will confine himself to searching the notes for refreshing morsels. In them, too, along with some really good things, he will find much that is irritating. Here, for example, is a note on Lord Monboddo:—"It was alleged that he paid his addresses to a lady of great fortune and learning. Somebody observed that he was one of the first who thought of turning fortune-hunter when past seventy." Can any anecdote be more utterly fatuous than this? However, Ramsay's reminiscences are not all equally vague and dreary. Lord Kames, whom he knew intimately, was, he tells us, even when past seventy, exceedingly given to philandering, and was "at extraordinary pains to form the taste and improve the knowledge of young ladies distinguished for beauty and talents." There was no love lost between him and Monboddo, and the two philosophers had each "a sovereign contempt for the other's studies and works." Once when they were both in the drawing-room of Gordon Castle, Monboddo sneered at his brother judge's literary powers. This annoyed Kames so seriously that the Duchess, in order to prevent an open quarrel between the two aged authors, "proposed they should dance a reel with her, which restored tranquillity to the company." Ramsay speaks with great veneration of Boswell's father, Lord Auchinleck, though he blames him for neglecting to "improve his colloquial Scots"; for he considered that as his nation took no pains to improve their language in the seventeenth century, the men of his own day had no choice but to adopt that of "their ancient rivals." He laments that Thomson and Mallet did not write in their mother-tongue, and so give a "classical polish" to a "dialect which was then spoken by people of the best fashion by education." He admired the genius of Burns, and took a warm interest in his welfare, wrote him a letter of good advice, from which extracts are given in the introduction to these volumes, had him to stay at Ochtertyre, and as we know from one of his letters to Currie—not printed here—visited him soon afterwards at Ellisland. At the same time poetry that did not follow "classical models" had little charm for him, and he urged Burns "to cultivate the drama on the model of the *Gentle Shepherd*, and write Scottish eclogues."

One or two of the ministers who were of note about the time of the Rebellion of Forty-five are described with more approach to vivacity than is usual in Ramsay's work. It is not difficult, for instance, to form some idea of Dr. Webster, an eloquent and popular preacher and a zealous ecclesiastical politician, who though over-fond of the bottle and "of the company of men who assuredly were not saints," retained the confidence and esteem of the most serious and strictest people in Edinburgh. He was a seasoned vessel, and though he was said to have drunk as much claret at the expense of the Corporation as would have floated a 74-gun ship, for he was a constant attendant at the business meetings of the town, which were then held at a tavern, he always carried his liquor discreetly. Nor would he even in his most festive moments ever allow any one to say in his presence what he thought it unbecoming for a clergyman to hear without administering a rebuke that was sometimes at least well turned. "Doctor," the then Earl of Dundonald said to him one day, "may I not ride through hell on a windle-straw now that I have put a roof on the Abbey Church [of Paisley], and brought water into the Abbey?" "My Lord," he answered, "you had better take the well with you." Bisset, the senior minister of Aberdeen, was a typical specimen of a section of the Northern clergy who "formed themselves on the model of the Remonstrants of the preceding century." He was blunt and fearless, held aloof from other men, and was much feared, for he had a bitter tongue, and never cared to measure his words. An amusing instance is given of his power of retaliation. When his brother clergy went to congratulate the Duke of Cumberland in 1746 he refused to go with them, and afterwards appeared at the levee by himself. Some mirth was excited by his ungainly figure and awkward carriage, and General Hawley said aloud, "Smoke the parson." Bisset took an ample revenge; for he ended his speech of congratulation to the Duke by referring to "the cowardice and

misconduct of the persons to whom the public affairs had been lately committed. 'Had Hawley and Cope done their duty things would not have been in their present state.' 'Smoke the parson now, Hawley,' said some of his brethren."

Ramsay's notices of the changes he witnessed in social life derive their principal interest from being the observations of a contemporary; there is little that is new in them. In what he says on the drinks of the Scottish gentry we note that the "Tappit Hen," the name which Scott gives to the three-quarter pot of excellent claret that Luckie Macleary placed before the Baron of Bradwardine and his friends, once had a less honourable signification. Before the increase of the wine duties and the war with France made claret so dear that gentlemen of small means no longer kept it in their houses, and only drank it at taverns, the wine was as poor as it was cheap, and when it turned sour it was customary to mix it with cinnamon and sugar, "which made what was then called a *tapped hen*." Although little port was drunk in Scotland till far on in the century, it was taken by "gouty people who were forbid claret." The account we have here of the rise of a new system of agriculture after the Forty-five deserves special attention, for Ramsay was a practical agriculturist and an excellent landlord. The Rebellion, which brought much money into Scotland, first for the payment of troops, and afterwards for the purchase of the heritable jurisdictions, is treated as a "capital era" in Scottish husbandry. Land commanded a good price, and English methods of cultivation were introduced into Scotland; for intercourse between the two countries now became frequent. The new military roads did much to improve agriculture; waggons with spoked wheels gradually took the place of sledges and of the rough carts called *tumblers*, and better horses were bred for farm-work. Some of the more enlightened landlords adopted a proper rotation of crops on their home-farms, and endeavoured to do away as far as possible with the old distinction between *outfield* and *infield*, so that "every part of the farm might produce the same crops in course." Improvements in the means of internal communication enabled tenants to lime their land freely, a change that did more than anything else to increase the productiveness of the country. An interesting record is given of the dearth of 1782, which is said to have resembled the "worst years of King William's dearth." It was followed by a period of great prosperity; for after the peace of the next year cattle, horses, and sheep were exported largely and fetched high prices. From this period the tenant-farmers seem to have become more enterprising and industrious, they eagerly adopted the improvements that had been introduced by the landlords, grew "more desirous of having enclosures than their masters were of making them," and no longer considered it unneighbourly to drive off cattle that were trespassing on their winter crops. The wages of farm servants rose very slowly, and though about the middle of the century they "entered into a combination to raise wages," a matter on which we should have liked to have heard more, in 1760, after "several small rises," a ploughman only received 3/- sterling, and a woman 20s. a year. A chapter on Highland superstitions shows, what, indeed, needed no proof, that Ramsay was a close and intelligent observer of ancient customs; but the subject has been so thoroughly worked since his day that what he says, pleasant as it is to read, has lost its novelty. His account of the Highlands after the suppression of the Rebellion contains some valuable remarks, especially on the effect that the increase in the price of black cattle and the rise in rents that followed it had in destroying the spirit of clanship.

#### TWO BOOKS ON ART.\*

MR. HUMPHREY WARD has conducted to a fairly successful close his sumptuous publication on English art as represented in the public galleries of London. The last three parts are by no means the least interesting of the fifteen in which the work is comprised. In the thirteenth, which deals with Linnell, Müller, and De Wint, the editor has received most competent assistance from Mrs. Sitwell. The weakest of the three biographies contributed by this lady is unquestionably that of the painter first-named. It is evident that Mrs. Sitwell's feeling for Linnell's art is not that of a good and true Linnellite. Such devotees are rarer nowadays than they used to be. Since the year when Linnell shared with Dante Rossetti the honours of a Winter Exhibition at Burlington House, the sect has dwindled alike in numbers and in vocal force; and the fact that such a decline is apparent may be adduced in proof of the curious change in taste which the nation of late has made. Mrs. Sitwell has done her best to speak with due respect of something that was once pre-eminently respected. She has succeeded in a way; but the effect of her endeavour is a trifle vague and indirect. One has to read between the lines to find the secret of her want of faith; and in the process one is led to question the propriety in such a case of cold politeness and formal discrimination. The lady is seen to far greater advantage in her study of De Wint. The end of it, indeed, is so good as to be worth quoting:—

He so contrives the choice and juxtaposition of his tints as never to give the sense of poverty, and to suggest with admirable tact the broad and speaking

\* *English Art in the Public Galleries of London*. Edited by T. Humphrey Ward. Parts XIII., XIV., XV. London and Paris: Boussod & Valadon.

*Scottish Painters*. By Walter Armstrong. London: Seeley.

relations of tone and effect in nature. His use of the pure water-colour wash is quite masterly, luminous to the extreme when he wants lights, and in the darks rich and powerful enough without loss of transparency; he knows well how to suggest the multiplicity of nature without perplexing the eye by detail, and with a few perfectly-chosen and cunningly-laid tints of dark-greenish grey for his foreground trees, of dim purplish red for homesteads and villages, of sober yellow for his harvest-fields, and sober blue (where the blue has not flown, as it has proved somewhat apt to fly) in his skies, can often set before us in perfection the very essence and spirit of the English lowland scenery which he loved.

That seems to us, in the writer's phrase, quite masterly. The aims and achievement of De Wint have never, that we know, been so neatly qualified or so accurately summarized. The estimate is more than the best thing in the three numbers now before us; it is close enough to be as nearly final as an estimate can be. The "Müller" is good, too; but it is a thought too liberal in tone and too generous in effect. Miss F. M. Robinson's "Landseer" is far less felicitous than any of Mrs. Sitwell's three. It is brightly written enough; but there is too much of it (Landseer has a whole part to himself, exactly as though he stood on the same plane with Constable and Turner and Reynolds), and what there is is neither illuminating considered as criticism nor interesting considered as fact. The last part is the work of Mr. Ward himself; it treats of men so various and antagonistic as Chalon and Rossetti; as Walker and Bonington and Clarkson Stanfield; it may be read with interest always, and here and there with profit. Mr. Ward, in his account of Bonington, for whom he entertains a great and laudable admiration, draws largely on the correspondence of Delacroix, to whose analysis of Bonington's genius he refrains, with admirable tact and propriety, from adding any words of his own. His account of the merit of Rossetti's "Ecco ancilla Domini" and Walker's "Vagrants" is, we think, extravagantly eulogistic; but his concluding remarks are extremely sensible, and we are happy to endorse them with emphasis. The national collections will bear, as he remarks, a good many additions; they can claim to be rightly representative of English art. In none is there a Philip, in none a Mason or a David Cox; we could well "be doing" with the admirable and noble Wilson now on view at the Grosvenor Gallery; our Cotmans are none of the best; we should certainly be all the better for "some Romneys, as beautiful as those we have, but larger and more characteristic of the painter's highest mood." When these gaps are filled—as, it is hoped, they may one day be—we shall feel at liberty, perhaps, to recognize that the English school is not the only one which has distinguished itself in modern years, and so enlarge our sympathies as to take in a specimen or two of the art of Corot and MM. Millet and Diaz.

It remains to add that the illustrations of the last three *fasciculi* of *English Art in the Public Galleries of London* are in the main well chosen and well executed. No fault is, of course, to be found with the Landseers, except that they are by this time stalest of the stale. One has seen them scores of times before, and in scores of different processes—the "Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner," the "Sleeping Bloodhound," "Dignity and Impudence," the "Jack in Office," "Suspense"—there is not one but has been trotted out in black and white in every quarter of the civilization where the use of black and white is possible. To say that they look at least as well in photogravure as in any other medium is to say everything. The Rossetti—the "Ecco ancilla Domini" aforesaid—is less familiar and more welcome; it is very neatly and cleverly reproduced. In Messrs. Goupil's transcript from the National Gallery Walker the hardness and spottiness of the original are successfully dissembled; their presentation of Linnell's "Windmill" is more pleasing to consider than the picture; their two De Wints are excellent in their way. A Bonington, "The Column of St. Mark," is dull and heavy; while the Müller, "A River Scene," is far too tame and inexpensive in texture. All the Stanfields are good. A certain smoothness, a want of individuality, a mechanical correctness (as of negatives touched to death) is a characteristic of the sets, and the impression of it is perhaps the strongest memory we retain of them.

Mr. Walter Armstrong (who knows everything) knows a great deal about Scottish painters; and he has presented his knowledge to the general public in a thin volume adorned with many cuts. His style is crisp, his manner trenchant, his bearing that of one having authority, his indulgence in the matter of jargon by no means immoderate. His work is quite worth reading; for, with much that is merely sound, it contains a great deal that is positively startling. Thus, in Raeburn's pictures he is able to distinguish "a want of depth and roundness in his shadows, and generally . . . a want of force"; and to add that, "this comes partly, no doubt, from his habit of painting without a rest for his hand." Again, he is prepared to assert of Thomson of Duddingstone (whom, as becomes a sincere admirer of Messrs. McWhirter and David Murray, he patronizes with conspicuous airiness and freedom) that, "unlike most amateurs, he succeeded best where he tried least"; an observation, if ever there was one, whose bearings, it may be remarked, do unquestionably lie in the application of it. An ingenious comparison between John Philip and Rossetti of the one part, and Burns and Landseer of the other, is too long for quotation, or it would show, as scarce anything else, that what Mr. Armstrong knows he knows better than any one besides. These eccentricities apart, the book is capable work, and will be read with interest wherever the Scotch school of painting is popular. In Scotland—which, "for a century past . . . has produced more good artists than any other country of equal size in the world"—

it will be studied with peculiar pleasure. For not only does it catalogue a considerable number of Scottish painters; it also goes far to show that "the Art of the North has a sure title to honour," in that all its professors have an eye for colour—that, as Mr. Armstrong puts it, "colour is honoured" by them with a more exclusive devotion than it has found elsewhere since the days of Titian. To those who have wandered (or hurried) through the Scottish exhibitions—to those whose theory of colour is not precisely identical with that of the savage bull—this statement will probably sound a trifle excessive. But that it will seem natural, and even modest, in Edinburgh and Glasgow, is what none who is acquainted with the Scots character will permit himself to doubt. Mr. Armstrong is certain of it; and for the cautious Southron he is therefore scarce so sure a guide as might be wished. *As demeurant le meilleur fils du monde.* He has plenty to say, and he is very often right. Of his illustrations (which, like the text, have already appeared in *The Portfolio*) the best, as it seems to us, are the reproduction of a famous etching by Geddes, and of Raeburn's "Lord Newton," and Mr. Colin Hunter's admirable etching "A Banffshire Harbour." Of such examples of "the art of the North" as Mr. Petrie's "Dost Know this Water-fly?" and Nasmyth's "Cottage," the less said the better.

#### MEDICAL BOOKS.\*

WITHOUT in any way disparaging the intelligence of our readers, we may venture to assume that, in the case of the majority, a knowledge of the *Ptomaines* and *Leucomaines* is beyond their philosophy; indeed very many members of the medical profession would be somewhat puzzled by the terms. This is to be regretted, because (according to the gospel of Professor Gautier, and his English champion, Dr. Brown) they, together with some other substances, rather hazily described as extractive matters, are the main cause of human diseases. For the benefit of the uninitiated we may mention that ptomaines is the title given to the alkaloids which are formed during the putrefaction of animal tissues, and leucomaines to those which result from the physiological processes taking place in the tissues of the living animal. In the opinion of the author these animal alkaloids, in conjunction with the "extractive matters," are destined to expel the microbe and bacillus ignominiously from the arena of scientific discussion. Dr. Brown would attribute the occurrence of most morbid states, including typhus, to the accumulation in the system of alkaloids and extractive matters as the result of their excessive formation in some cases, and their defective elimination in others. This explanation is not an improbable one with regard to non-infectious diseases such as rheumatism, gout, ague, possibly cholera, and the numerous poisoned conditions of the system arising from functional or structural derangements of the kidneys or liver; but would not account for those in which a distinct communicable poison is developed as in hydrocephalus, syphilis, small-pox, scarlet fever, measles, &c. In these cases no accumulation of physiologically-formed alkaloids or extractive matters would account for the existence of a virulent contagium, the smallest quantity of which will set up a definite and specific disease in the bodies of the healthy. Whether a bacillus or something else be the active agent in these specific poisons is at present undetermined, but the existence of such poisons is beyond dispute. It is improbable that syphilis or small-pox is at the present time ever developed spontaneously in an individual; but of course the *materies morbi* must have originated at some time, possibly as the result of evolution through generations of people exposed to similar unhealthy surroundings. Though we cannot altogether agree with Dr. Brown in his conclusions, we think his book a very suggestive one and likely to aid in the elucidation of the difficult problems met with in the study of the etiology of disease.

We must all desire a euthanasia as the closing scene of our life's drama, though probably most of us, whatever our age, hope that the date at which we shall "shuffle off this mortal coil" may be more or less distant. It is now pretty generally known that the popular ideas of fifty years ago on the subject of death-bed horrors and agonies were to a great extent popular fallacies, and that dying is not usually a very painful process. A large number of deaths take place during unconsciousness, and in many others, where the intellect remains unclouded until almost the last gasp, the suffering arises from a feeling of intense exhaustion rather than of pain, and certainly cannot be correctly described as agony. There are, however, a few terrible exceptions in cases where local or general convulsions take place without loss of consciousness, as in hydrocephalus and tetanus. So much for the physical aspect of dying. On the mental side we should expect that, where consciousness remains, a firm belief in the certainty of a happy future after death would have a calming influence, and such is really the case. On the other hand, however, the stereotyped description of the horrors of the sinner's deathbed so frequently affected by the authors of religious tracts has very little foundation in fact.

\* *A Treatise on the Animal Alkaloids, or Ptomaines and Leucomaines.* By A. M. Brown, M.D. London: Baillière, Tindall, & Cox.

*Euthanasia; or, Medical Treatment in Aid of an Easy Death.* By William Munk, M.D., F.S.A. London: Longmans & Co.

*The Year Book of Treatment for 1888.* London: Cassell & Co., Ltd.

The chapter of Dr. Munk's book on the "General and Medical Treatment of the Dying" is a most carefully written and valuable one, and we should suggest its publication in the form of a pamphlet for distribution among nurses and others who are in attendance upon the moribund. Medical men also may glean useful hints from it for the alleviation of the sufferings of those among their patients whose lives they can no longer hope to preserve.

To the busy practitioner a study of the systematical works on medicine and surgery is well nigh impossible, and even the periodical literature of these subjects is too voluminous to be read during the short and uncertain intervals which are left to him by the exigencies of practice. In addition to this, the medical man who has due regard for his mental and physical health will devote no inconsiderable portion of his limited leisure to non-medical reading and to such outdoor recreation as may be congenial to his tastes. Hence the great value of such a summary of recent improvements in medical and surgical treatment as is presented to us in *The Year Book*, edited by Mr. Malcolm Morris. In this little book the practitioner will find a means of keeping *au courant* with the advances in practical medicine and surgery without undergoing the labour entailed by the extensive reading which would be necessary in order to collect the particulars for himself. The volume for 1888 is not a whit behind its four predecessors in the judicious selection of matter and the critical acumen with which it is treated. Indeed, the authors of the various papers appear to have more fully developed the capacity for perceiving what kind of mental nutrient is required by medical men, and have also been successful in rendering it palatable and easy of assimilation. The price of *The Year Book of Treatment* (five shillings) is strictly moderate—no unimportant matter in these times of pecuniary depression.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

ANY one who can count some thirty years or more of memory of the actual events of history may enjoy a kind of miniature edition of the *Ruins* of the late M. de Chassebœuf, more commonly known as Volney, by thinking over the word Zouaves. Before the Crimean War they were terrible fellows, but vaguely known. The Crimea made them familiar and rather popular in that Albion which their colonels and their admirers had frequently devoted (after dinner) to the Zouaves' own prowess à la MacTavish. Piedmont and Mexico, as well as their own Algeria, added to their laurels, until their laurels felt the killing frosts of 1870, and, with the rest of the French army, the Zouaves fell more suddenly, but perhaps not more reasonably, than they had risen. Of all their vicissitudes M. Laurencin (1) treats at fair length and by no means in too Chauvinist a spirit, while his book is capitally printed and papered, and quite luxuriously illustrated with careful engravings after Yvon, Detaille, Vernet, the two Bellangé, Protas, and a dozen other artists.

M. Michel Delines has made up an interesting volume (2) partly of personal reminiscences of the great Russian novelist, who, after attracting attention to Russian novels, has been half-forgotten for newer but far lesser names; partly of piecings together of Turguénoff's—or, as some call him, Turgenew's—writings. Perhaps the two most interesting things in the book are the long description (a little "romanced" we should think, for some of the details, and especially some of the dialogue, can hardly have been recorded on the spot) of the novelist's eccentric and alarming mother, and some remarks of Turgenew's own about Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Thackeray, both of whom disturbed him greatly by finding part of his conversation ludicrous when he did not mean it to be so. "A Frenchman or a Russian would not have laughed," said the great Turgenew, not hurt, but mystified. But then some Frenchmen, and it would seem from this some Russians, have very little sense of humour.

M. Coutance (3) has so frankly assumed the part of the *vulgaris-ateur*—word which appears to carry with it no kind of offensive meaning in France—and treats his subject with so much apparent levity, that some readers may be a little prejudiced against his handsome book. They will, however, make a mistake if they put it down in consequence. The author, who appears to have been connected with the medical department of the French navy, not only has scientific knowledge, but has lived in that tropical world where poisons, vegetable and animal, do most abound, and has profited by his residence. He has made a very readable book of its kind.

Of a somewhat similar kind, though, of course, more miscellaneous, is M. de Parville's well-known *Causeries scientifiques* (4). At least it ought to be well known, for with this volume, which contains the sifted *faits divers* of science for 1886, it enters on its second quarter of a century. It is not easy to hit the mean in such an enterprise between a mere mass of anecdotes and a dry technical *compte-rendu*. Perhaps M. de Parville leans, if anything, rather to the anecdotic side; but then his book is meant to be popular. Pasteurism, fasting-men, electric tramways, ptomaines—all the scientific gossip of the day before yesterday is here.

(1) *Nos Zouaves*. Par P. Laurencin. Paris: Rothschild.

(2) *Tourguénoff inconnu*. Par M. Delines. Paris: Librairie Illustrée.

(3) *Venins et poisons*. Par A. Coutance. Paris: Rothschild.

(4) *Causeries scientifiques*. Par M. de Parville. Paris: Rothschild.

M. James Darmesteter (5), who is well known as an enthusiastic student of English, has translated certain poems of Miss Mary Robinson's into that short paragraphed prose which has become a favourite medium of late with some French translators. The translator's preface finds in his text "a unique and indefinable originality," something than which "Idealist poetry has never either in England or elsewhere produced anything purer, more penetrating, and more profound." Miss Robinson's poetry has, he thinks, "the supreme gift of spontaneity which the age in its decadence has lost." It has "a classic purity of composition," an "absolute independence of imagination," "no Preraphaelite affection or mannerism," and many other nice things or absences of things. It is not ours in this place to criticize these criticisms. But we wonder whether M. Darmesteter has ever felt a dread which besets some tolerably experienced students of languages not their own—the dread of "seeing into" foreign work which happens to be sympathetic all manner of gifts and graces, invisible to less imaginative but perhaps clearer-sighted natives? Probably not; the French may be born malicious, but they are not born self-distrustful.

M. Marx's book (6) of collected articles on the dogs, the models, the bread, the books, the improprieties, the what-not of Paris, may be all the pleasanter for M. Paillet's pleasant prefatory word of recommendation, but it stood in no need of that word. It is readable from beginning to end with the most moderate skipping, and it contains the most agreeable translation of colley that we have ever known. Does the reader know the French for that animal? It is not "colis"; it is "chien-loup à poils noirs et soyeux qui est originaire d'Ecosse." A little long, perhaps; but then, you know, *anything* is better than using a foreign word.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

WITH as many friends as the hare in the fable, the English farmer never lacks advisers ready to point the road to prosperity, regardless of his traditional dislike of new views and innovations. A true friend of the farmer is Mr. Theodore Wood, who has written an excellent manual for his guidance under the title *The Farmer's Friends and Foes* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.). With the heartiest desire that this book should be read by every farmer, it is yet unreasonable to expect that it will revolutionize—as well it might—the attitude of the agriculturist towards "every bird that dies and every creeper that crawls." Wholesome counsel is never so unpalatable as when proffered in the season of tribulation, and it is thrice unpalatable when it involves a complete regeneration of a long-suffering class of men. There is no surer way of arousing resentment than to question a man's intelligence, and this is what Mr. Wood's indictment of the majority of farmers amounts to. He charges them with being so ready to find enemies in the world of insects and birds that they not only do not recognize their best and natural friends, but persecute them, to the incalculable injury of their own interests. The farmer, says Mr. Wood, takes upon himself "the functions of a kind of general manager of creation," and disturbs nature's wise balance to his own discomfiture. And the worst of it is that he proves the justice of his indictment by the convincing body of testimony he adduces as entomologist and ornithologist. There are, of course, farmers who possess scientific knowledge and pursue scientific methods of culture, who are trained observers and students of natural history. They will accept the main propositions of Mr. Wood's volume and find nothing new in its teachings or moral. They, however, are a very insignificant minority. The majority follow the ways of their fathers, with their allies the gardeners and gamekeepers, and trap, poison, or shoot their feathered friends in most unhappy ignorance. They see the visible depredations when corn and fruits ripen, and are blind to the immeasurable benefits continually effected at other seasons in secret or less palpable ways. The whole question is discussed by Mr. Wood without sentiment, in language entirely intelligible, and in the most business-like spirit. His book will do immense good if it only set the farmers thinking. The pity of it is that it is unlikely to fall into the hands of some of their worst enemies, the gamekeepers, whose slaughter of mice-eating birds like the owl and the kestrel can best be appreciated after reading Mr. Wood's comparison of the amount of grain eaten by birds and the enormous destruction wrought by mice. This is but one of the many striking object-lessons in the book that illustrate the folly of indiscriminate bird-slaying. Whatever individual exceptions may be taken in Mr. Wood's classification of farmer's friends and foes, which is admittedly rough and ready—and the gardener may justly urge that the sparrow is too leniently treated—the main contention that birds generally should be permitted to take tithes, or "wages," for their beneficent labour appears to be altogether unanswerable.

*Ballads of Books*, edited by Andrew Lang (Longmans & Co.), is set forth as "a re-cast of a volume of the same name, edited by Mr. B. Brander Matthews," and published in New York last year. It is prettier in form than its original, and pleasanter to handle. These are the only gains to be noted. The addition of an appendix, containing Crabbé's *Library*, to a collection of lyrics is scarcely desirable, and, if desirable, might have been largely

(5) *Poésies de Mary Robinson*. Traduites de l'anglais par J. Darmesteter. Paris: Lemerre.

(6) *Les petits mémoires de Paris*. Par A. Marx. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

augmented. It is somewhat curious there should be only three or four poems in the collection that approximate in form to the ballad. Ballades there are, excellent after their kind, and some capital pieces of an epigrammatic cast, but the ballad is hard to find.

The "Russia's Hope" (Chapman & Hall) is a brochure after the type of the *Battle of Dorking*, with a difference, translated from the Russian by Mr. C. J. Cooke, and prefaced by Mr. Beatty-Kingston. The exploits of the masterful cruiser the *Russia's Hope* will be found vastly diverting to English readers who may be as indifferent as their forefathers were to the fact—"alas! that it should be so!" says Mr. Beatty-Kingston—that "the very name of England nowadays has a flavour that is offensively unsavoury to the nostrils of Frenchmen and Germans, whilst in Russia it is an object of bitter abhorrence." Of course it is very alarming to know this, but it should not interfere with the enjoyment of a lively and ingenious little book. The *Russia's Hope* is a steel-armoured cruiser, fitted with two sets of engines, two 8-inch guns, eight 6-inch guns, four Nordenfeldts, with a ram of forged iron. She carried 1,000 tons of coal and could do 8,000 miles at a speed of ten knots. On board there is one Zlobin, who might be the model head of an Intelligence Department, for he was "thoroughly acquainted with the details of every ship in the British navy." The career of this wonderful warship might make M. Jules Verne pale with envy. It must be read and not quoted, save by the serious or apprehensive person. There is a good joke, however, about speed. Some one remarks it is very hard for the engines to go 1,700 miles at full speed. "Probably you would like to go at the rate of five miles, as on the corvette *Rapid?*" "Yes," retorted the engineer, "but for that we sailed about for four years and brought the engines back to Cronstadt in perfect order." "In perfect order," rejoins the other, "because all those four years it was the corvette that carried the engines, and not the engines the corvette."

*Savage Life*, by Henry King (Sampson Low & Co.), is a volume of sketches of "riverside character and queer life in London dens," the quality of which hardly responds to the promising title. Most readers, if they know the East-End waterside as Dickens knew it, will think the "queer life" experiences of Mr. King are unaccountably omitted.

Much more sketchy are descriptive papers reprinted from the *Manchester City News*, and collected in Mr. Walter Tomlinson's *Bye-Ways of Manchester Life* (Manchester: Butterworth & Nodal). Slight though they are, these notes of the shady aspects of Manchester life are thoroughly readable and void of pretentiousness.

The new and very pretty pocket edition of *Poems* by Mrs. Browning (Smith, Elder, & Co.) is a reprint of the 1856 edition, with copyright additions and alterations, and an interesting preface by Mr. Ingram, in which Mr. J. H. Ingram's recent monumental "memoir" of the poetess is very justly dealt with.

To the expiration of copyrights we owe a cheap reissue of Carlyle's works by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, of which we have *Sartor Resartus*, *Past and Present*, *On Heroes*, and the three volumes of the *French Revolution*. These are reprints of the familiar two-shilling edition, bound in red cloth, at one shilling the volume. The wise buyer will not lament the extra sixpence when he compares them with Messrs. Routledge's sixpenny edition of the *French Revolution*, with its crowded pages, paper covers, and very serious omission of the date headings to the pages, and the invaluable summary and index.

In the second volume of the new Library Edition of Lord Tennyson—*Early Poems*, II. (Macmillan & Co.)—not a few of the poems are by no means "early," as chronology goes, such as the song-cycle "The Window," and "Lucretius," "Wages," "The Victim," and other contributions to *Good Words* and *Macmillan's Magazine*. We miss, by the way, certain verses almost contemporary with these, such as "I stood on a tower in the wet."

It has been questioned whether there is a greater benefactor to persons whose time hangs heavy on their hands than the inventor of Patience, not she who sits on a monument, but she who shuffles the cards. M. F. Guise, in "Arrowsmith's Series," under the title *Have Patience*, has arranged many varieties (London: Simpkin & Marshall, Bristol: Arrowsmith), and promises to arrange more. Peace—or, rather, Patience—be with him.

Among our new editions are Dr. William Pole's *Philosophy of Music* (Trübner & Co.); Mr. Snodgrass's *Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos of Heinrich Heine* (Alexander Gardner); Dr. John Ker's *Lectures on the History of Preaching* (Hodder & Stoughton); James Fraser, *Second Bishop of Manchester*, a Memoir, by Thomas Hughes (Macmillan & Co.); Dr. H. Clay Trumbull's *Teaching and Teachers* (Hodder & Stoughton); and a revised, enlarged second edition of Mr. Alfred Emden's treatise, *The Practice and Forms of Winding-up Companies* (Clowes & Sons).

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—NOTICE is hereby Given** that the President and Council will proceed to ELECT, on Tuesday, March 6, TWO TURNER ANNUITANTS. Applications for the Turner Annuity, which is of the value of £500, must be made by persons of repute in need of aid through the unavoidable failure of professional engagements. Forms of Application can be obtained by letter, addressed to the SECRETARY, Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly. They must be filled in and returned on or before Saturday, March 3.

By Order.

FRED. A. EATON, Secretary.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—NOTICE to ARTISTS.—**The DAYS for RECEIVING PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, &c. are Friday, Saturday, and Monday, March 30, 31, and April 1; and for SCULPTURE, Tuesday, April 2.

**INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.** President—The Right Hon. Lord TENNYSON, D.C.L.

Inexperienced AUTHORS in Correspondence with Publishers are requested NOT to SIGN any AGREEMENT, and not to part with any right, without first COMMUNICATING with the SECRETARIES.

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A. G. BROWN, Secretary.

JAS. STANLEY LITTLE, Executive Sec.

4 Portugal Street, Chancery Lane, W.C.

**THE MERCHANT BANKING COMPANY OF LONDON, LIMITED.** NOTICE is hereby Given that the TWENTY-FIFTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of this Company will be held at Cannon Street Hotel, in the City of London, on Thursday, the 1st day of March next, at One o'clock P.M. precisely, to receive the Accounts of the year ended December 31, with a Report of the Directors, and to elect a new Director in the place of H. C. Ross, Esq., and H. Edimann, Esq., who retire by rotation, and being eligible, offer themselves for re-election; to confirm the election of John A. Gordon, Esq., and Matthew G. Megaw, Esq., to elect Auditors and to fix their remuneration.

And Notice is also given, that the Transfer Books of the Company will be closed preparatory to the Meeting on the 16th February to the 1st March, both days inclusive.

12 Cannon Street, London, E.C. By Order, C. E. GREENWOOD, Secretary.

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**NOTICE is HEREBY GIVEN** that the RECEIVING of TENDERS for the above-mentioned GROUND, advertised to take place on the 21st inst., is PUT OFF for one month.

By Order of the Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London. Sewers' Office, Guildhall, February 14, 1888.

HENRY BLAKE, Principal Clerk.

**FREEHOLD BUILDING GROUND, CITY OF LONDON, IN THE NEW APPROACH TO BILLINGSGATE MARKET.**

**THE COMMISSIONERS OF SEWERS** of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, February 21, 1888, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive TENDERS for taking on BUILDING LEASES for a term of eighty years several plots of very valuable FREEHOLD GROUND, between Botolph Lane, Lower Thames Street, and the new street extension to Billingsgate Market.

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Proposals must be delivered on the outside of the door of the Commissioners' Office, and may be delivered in

addressed to the undersigned before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty.

Sewers' Office, Guildhall, January, 1888.

HENRY BLAKE, Principal Clerk.